



No. 56

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!



ACTION COMICS

JAN.
10¢



SUPERMAN
BATTLES TO PROTECT THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST STRUCTURES IN
"DESIGN FOR DOOM"

SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

WAS IT MERE CHANCE,
NATURE ON A ROARING
RAMPAGE, OR A MAD-
MAN'S MEGALOMANIAC-
AL MIGHT THAT SUDDENLY
MENACED THE WORLD'S
FINEST EDIFICE? THAT
WAS THE PROBLEM THAT
CONFRONTED THE
POWERFUL MAN OF
TOMORROW IN HIS
LATEST AND GREATEST
ADVENTURE. SUPERMAN
HURTTLES FROM ONE
CRASHING FROM ONE
ANOTHER COME ONE
PACKED IN THE THRILL-
"DESIGN FOR DOOM!"

CLARK AND LOIS HAVE JUST FINISHED A WEEK'S STAY IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

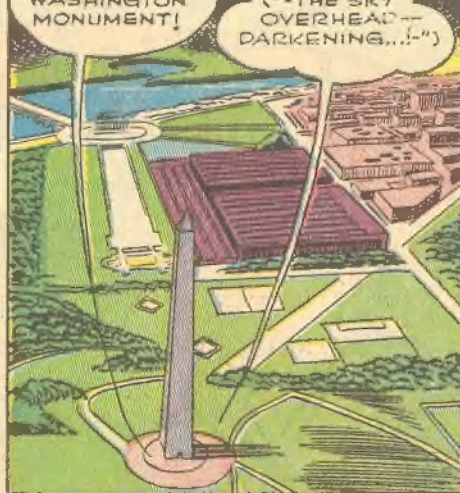
WELL, LOIS-- NOW THAT WE'VE FILED OUR STORY DESCRIBING WAR-TIME WASHINGTON, WHAT SAY WE HURRY BACK TO METROPOLIS?

NOT JUST YET, CLARK. FIRST THERE'S A LONG-STANDING AMBITION OF MINE I WANT TO FULFILL.



THRILLING, ISN'T IT? THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT!

ALL 555 FEET OF IT! ("THE SKY OVERHEAD-- DARKENING...!")



SUDDENLY-- THUNDER CRASHES-- JAGGED LIGHTNING BLADES THRU THE HEAVENS...



UNNOTICED BY LOIS, CLARK PEERS SKYWARD...

("SOMETHING UNTOWARD GOING ON UP THERE!--")



WHAT HIS AGSTOUNDING TELESCOPIC VISION PERCEIVES--A MASS OF HAILSTONES, EACH HAILSTONE THE SIZE OF A GIANT BOULDER, CRASHING DOWN...!



THE FIRST OF THE HAILSTONES NARROWLY MISSES THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT,...

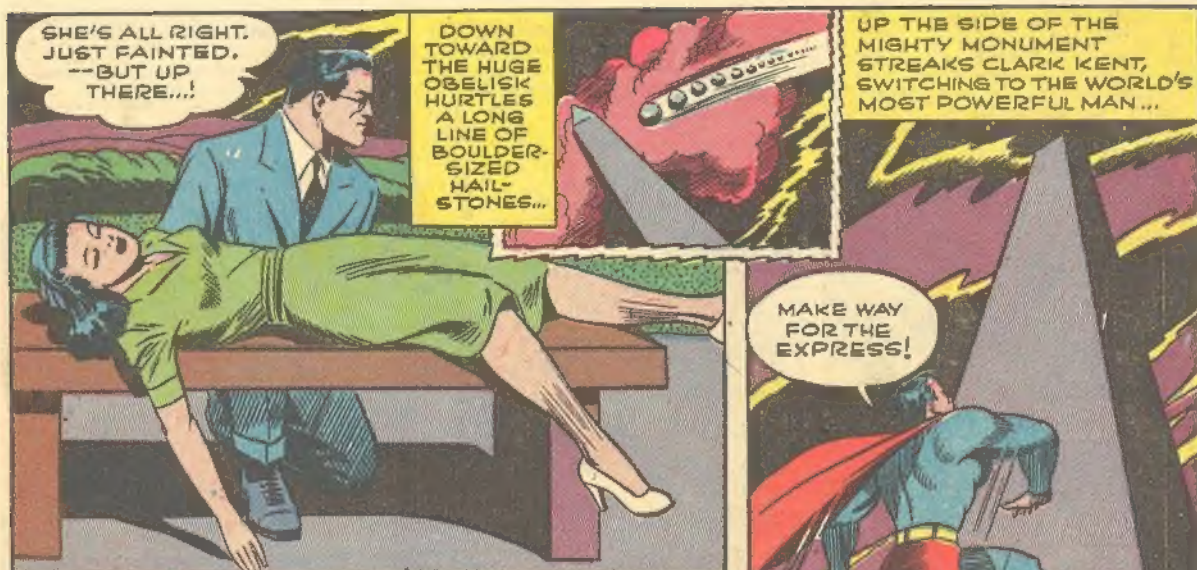


... AND CRASHES TO THE STREET...!

LOIS!

CLARK! LOOK OUT!



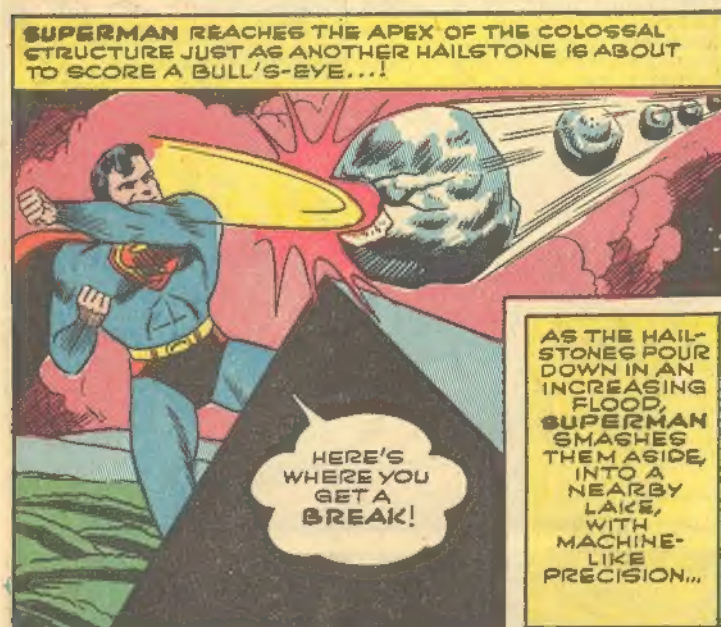


SHE'S ALL RIGHT.
--BUT FAINTED.
--BUT UP
THERE...!

DOWN
TOWARD
THE HUGE
OBELISK
HURTLES
A LONG
LINE OF
BOULDER-
SIZED
HAIL-
STONES...

UP THE SIDE OF THE
MIGHTY MONUMENT
STREAKS CLARK KENT,
SWITCHING TO THE WORLD'S
MOST POWERFUL MAN...

MAKE WAY
FOR THE
EXPRESS!



**SUPERMAN REACHES THE APEX OF THE COLOSSAL
STRUCTURE JUST AS ANOTHER HAILSTONE IS ABOUT
TO SCORE A BULL'S-EYE...!**

HERE'S
WHERE YOU
GET A
BREAK!

AS THE HAIL-
STONES POUR
DOWN IN AN
INCREASING
FLOOD,
SUPERMAN
SMASHES
THEM ASIDE,
INTO A
NEARBY
LAKE,
WITH
MACHINE-
LIKE
PRECISION...

KEEP
'EM
FLYING!



**BUT AS THE LAST OF THE
BOULDERS ESCAPES HIM AND
HURTLES DOWN TOWARD LOIS'
UNCONSCIOUS BODY...**

HM-MM! THIS
CALLS FOR A
SUPER-SPECIAL
MANEUVER!



**BEFORE THE HAILSTONE
CAN STRIKE EARTH, THE
MAN OF STEEL SWISHES
PAST IT... THE SUCTION
CAUSED BY HIS SPEED
DRAWS THE BOULDER
AFTER HIM...**

C'MON
ALONG!



**WHIRLING ABRUPTLY,
SUPERMAN MEETS THE
HAILSTONE IN A HEAD-ON
COLLISION!**

THIS IS
WHAT I CALL
USING MY
HEAD!



FLASHING IN, THE MAN OF STEEL WHISKS THE MENACED ONLOOKERS TO SAFETY...

SORRY, FOLKS--YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CONTENT WITH GRANDSTAND SEATS!

THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE!

ANOTHER SECOND AND WE'D HAVE BEEN ANNIHILATED!

NOTING THE RAY WHEELING TOWARD WASHINGTON'S IMAGE, SUPERMAN LEAPS INTO ITS PATH--THE RAY SEEMS SOLID...

BARELY IN THE NICK OF TIME, GEORGE--AND THAT'S NO LIE!

SUDDENLY--THE RAY WHIRLS SUPERMAN'S FIGURE HIGH INTO THE SKY...

THE RAY--SPUTTERING AS IT TOUCHES MY METAL BUCKLE...!

PLUMMETING EARTHWARD, SUPERMAN SNATCHES UP AN AUTO AND HURTLES IN WITH IT AS THE GREEN RAY MOVES TOWARD THE JEFFERSON HEAD...

SO THE RAY AND METAL DON'T GET ALONG, EH? THIS IS WORTH AN EXPERIMENT!

SUPERMAN VERSUS SUPER-RAY!

THE RAY--GIVING WAY--SPUTTERING OUT!!

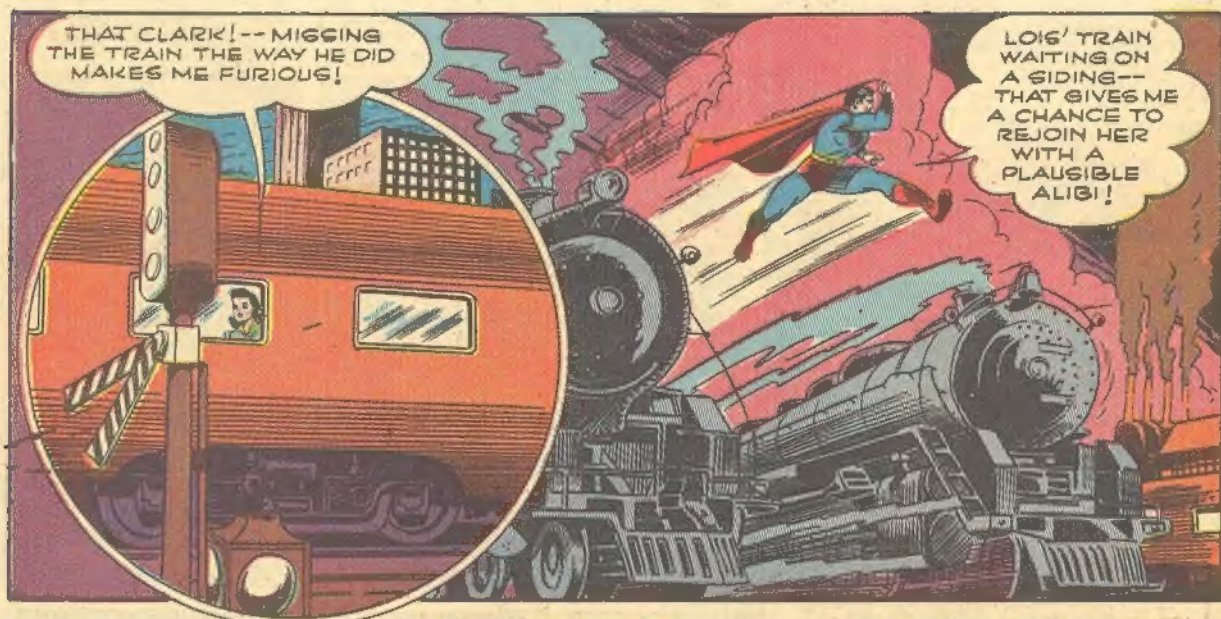
DESPERATELY SEEKING TO EVADE THE MAN OF TOMORROW, THE RAY FLEES TOWARD THE ROOSEVELT HEAD... BUT SUPERMAN IS QUICKER!

THERE--THE END OF THE RAY! ALMOST AS THO IT WERE SHORT-CIRCUITED!

AND AS MIGHTY SUPERMAN HURTLES AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF HIS TRIUMPH...

THREE CHEERS FOR SUPERMAN!

HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAY!

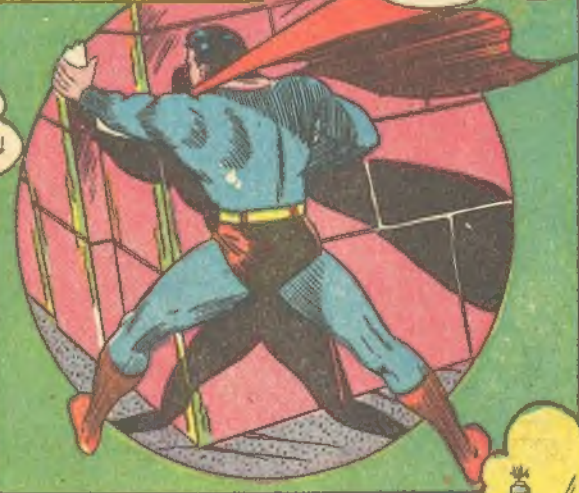


THE AMAZING MAN OF TOMORROW COVERS CITIES, COUNTIES, STATES-- IN MINUTES. AND AS HE FINALLY NEARS HIS DESTINATION...



A HIGH EAR-SHATTERING NOTE RINGING CONTINUOUSLY! THAT'S WHY THE BUILDING IS SHAKING! SYMPATHETIC VIBRATION! IF KEPT UP LONG ENOUGH, THE SKY-SCRAPER WILL CRASH TO RUINS!

DESPERATELY, SUPERMAN SEEKS TO STEADY THE GREAT STRUCTURE WITH HIS BARE HANDS...



NO USE! THE APEX STATE BUILDING IS DOOMED UNLESS I LOCATE THE SOURCE OF THAT PENETRATING NOTE!

THE MAN OF STEEL'S TELESCOPIC VISION DISCOVERS THE SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE--A HUGE VIBRATING TUNING FORK...



A SLIGHT PAUSE AT THE OBSERVATION ROOF ON THE 86TH FLOOR...



HELP! GET US OFF HERE!

IN A JIFFY!



TIME OUT!

UP THE SIDE OF THE MIGHTY MAN-MADE MONOLITH SCRAMBLES THE INCREDIBLE MAN OF STEEL WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...



THIS IS ONE WAY TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL-- START AT THE BOTTOM AND WORK TO THE TOP!



AND NOW-- BACK TO WORK!

SUPERMAN GRASPS
THE VIBRATING FORK...
WITH UNEXPECTED
RESULTS....

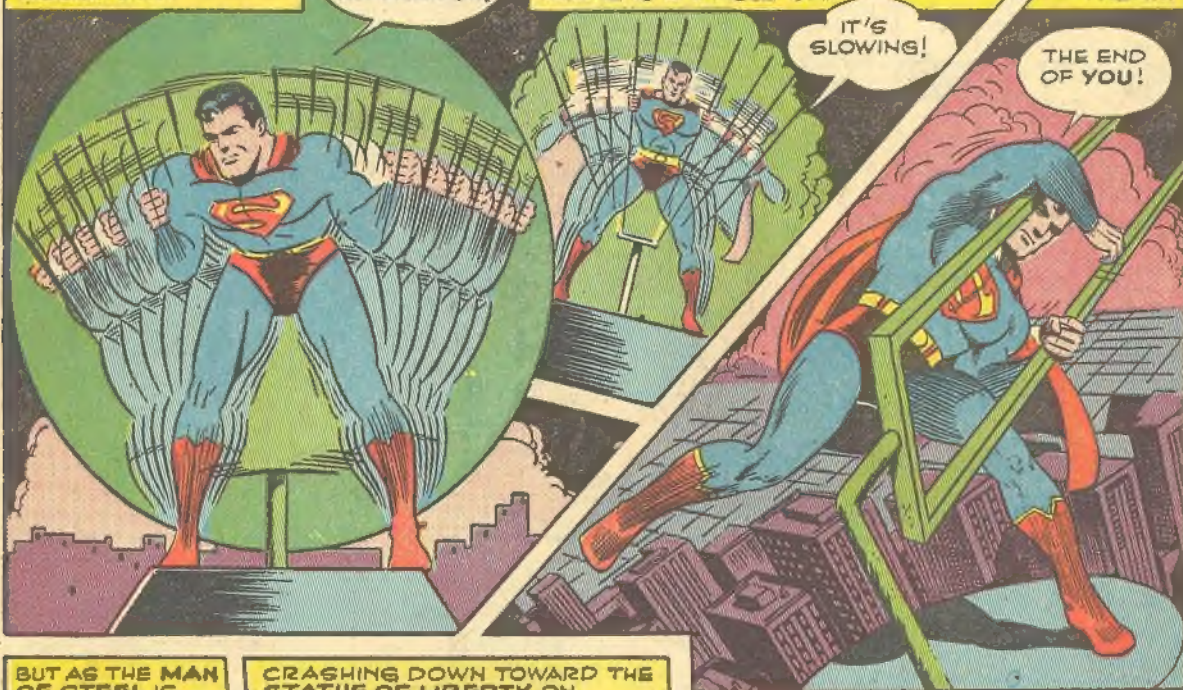
TH-THIS IS
A SW-SW-ELL
W-WAY T-TO
RE-REDUCE!

AND THEN ONE OF THE STRANGEST
BATTLES OF ALL TIME, AS SUPERMAN
EXERTS TERRIFIC PRESSURE HE
ALONE IS CAPABLE OF...

A
MIGHTY
WRENCH
--THEN...

IT'S
SLOWING!

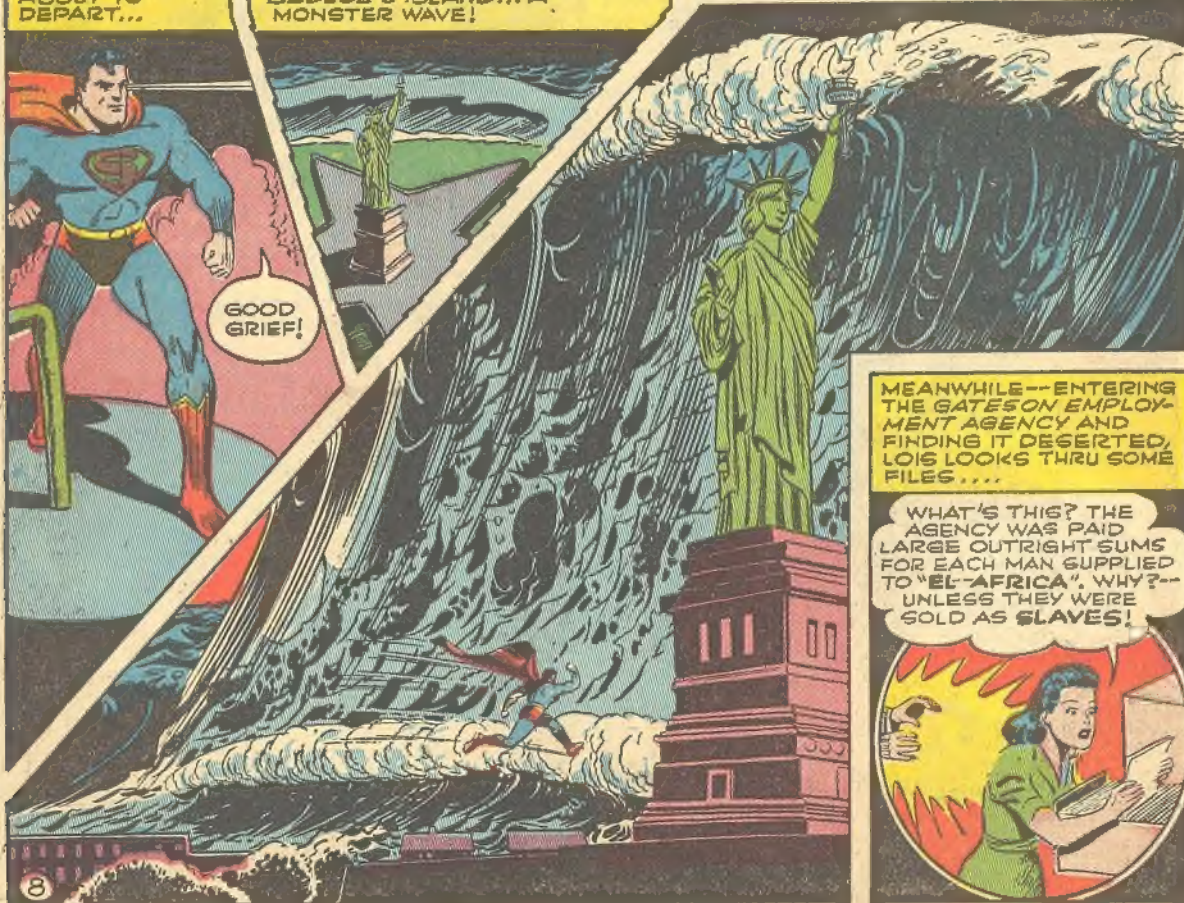
THE END
OF YOU!



BUT AS THE MAN
OF STEEL IS
ABOUT TO
DEPART...

CRASHING DOWN TOWARD THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY ON
BEDLOE'S ISLAND... A
MONSTER WAVE!

GOOD
GRIEF!

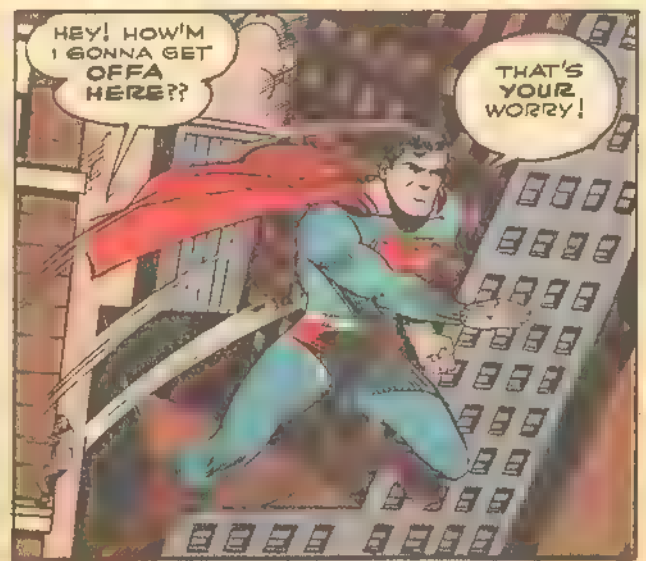
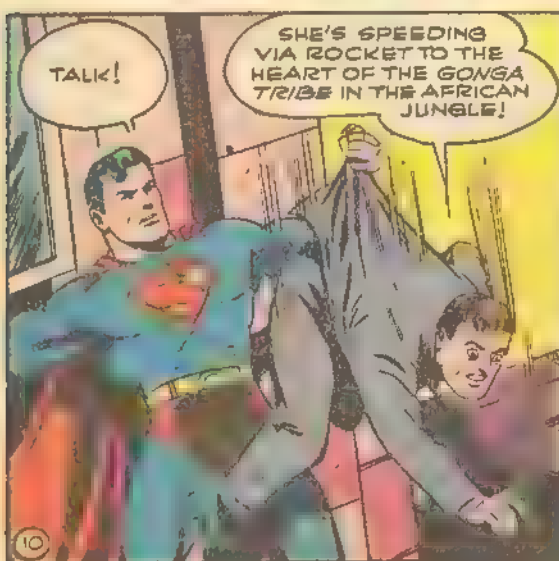
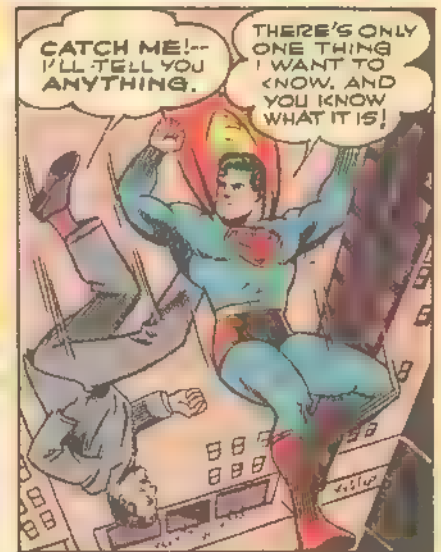
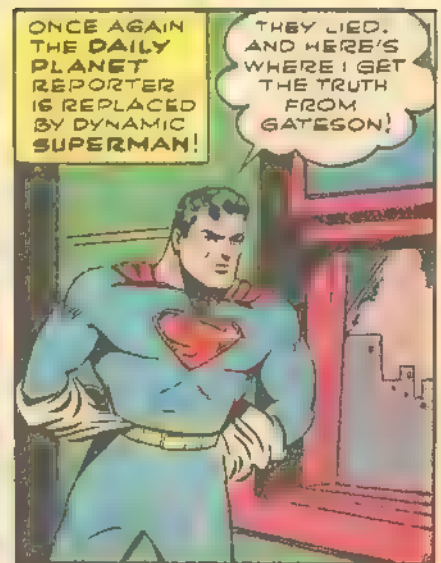
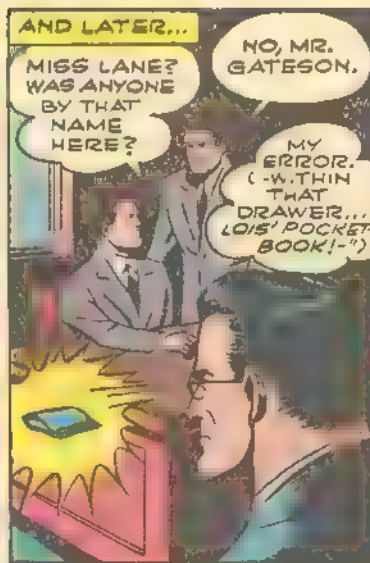
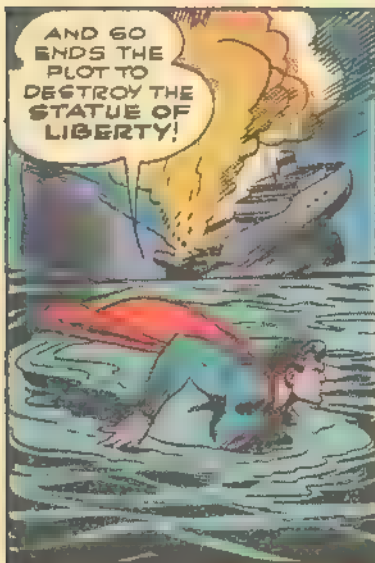


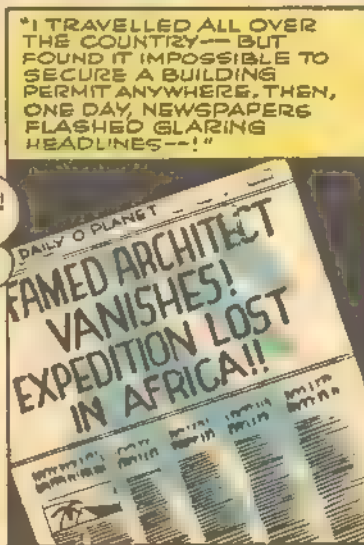
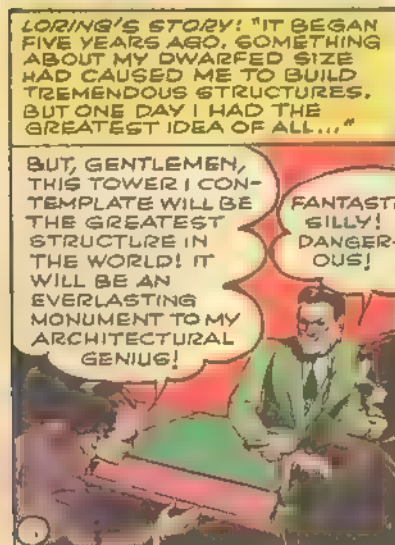
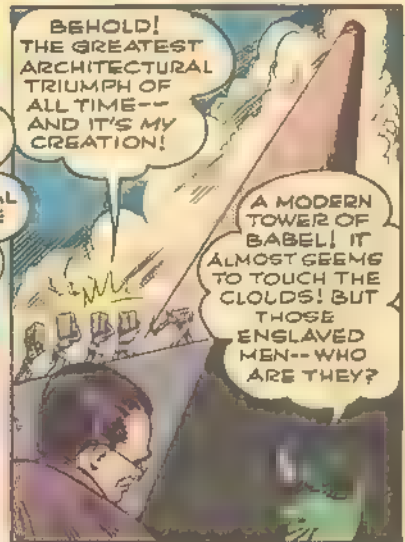
MEANWHILE--ENTERING
THE GATES ON EMPLOY-
MENT AGENCY AND
FINDING IT DESERTED,
LOIS LOOKS THRU SOME
FILES....

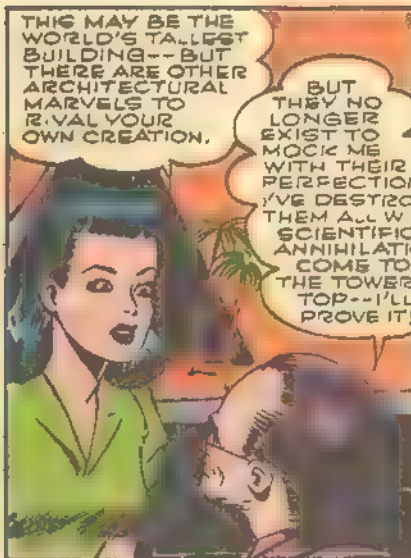
WHAT'S THIS? THE
AGENCY WAS PAID
LARGE OUTRIGHT SUMS
FOR EACH MAN SUPPLIED
TO "EL-AFRICA". WHY?--
UNLESS THEY WERE
SOLD AS SLAVES!





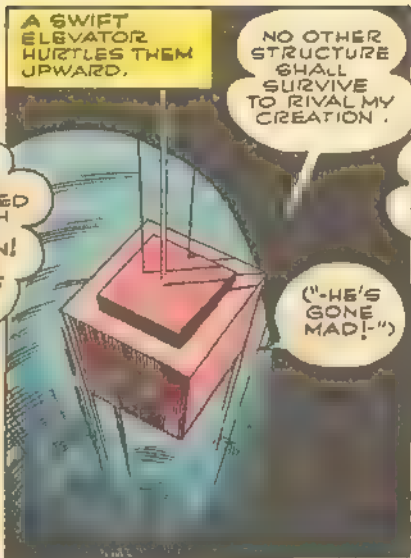






THIS MAY BE THE WORLD'S TALLEST BUILDING-- BUT THERE ARE OTHER ARCHITECTURAL MARVELS TO RIVAL YOUR OWN CREATION.

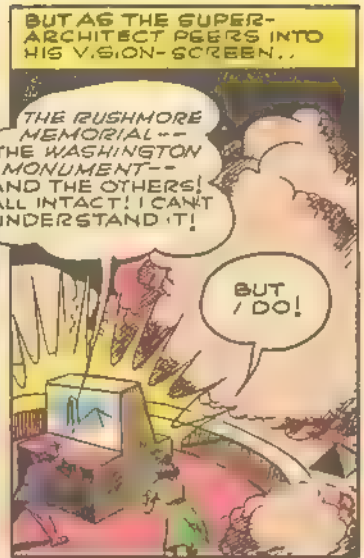
BUT THEY NO LONGER EXIST TO MOCK ME WITH THEIR PERFECTION! I'VE DESTROYED THEM ALL WITH SCIENTIFIC ANNIHILATION! COME TO THE TOWER'S TOP-- I'LL PROVE IT!



A SWIFT ELEVATOR HURTTLES THEM UPWARD.

NO OTHER STRUCTURE SHALL SURVIVE TO RIVAL MY CREATION.

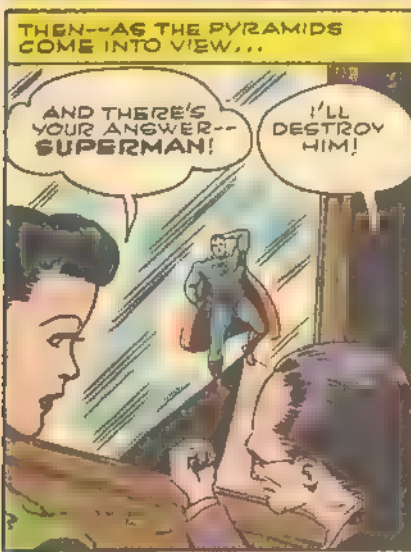
("HE'S GONE MAD!")



BUT AS THE SUPER-ARCHITECT PEERS INTO HIS VISION-SCREEN...

THE RUSHMORE MEMORIAL-- THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT-- AND THE OTHERS! ALL INTACT! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

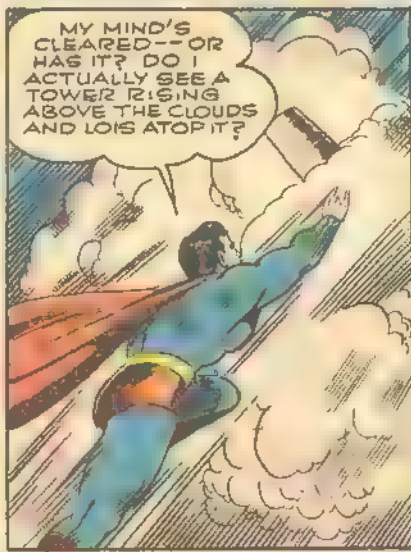
BUT I DO!



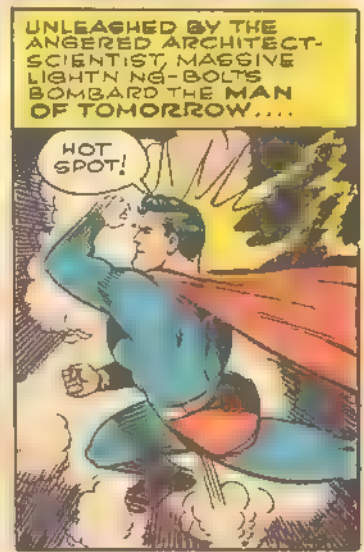
THEN--AS THE PYRAMIDS COME INTO VIEW...

AND THERE'S YOUR ANSWER-- SUPERMAN!

I'LL DESTROY HIM!



MY MIND'S CLEARED-- OR HAS IT? DO I ACTUALLY SEE A TOWER RISING ABOVE THE CLOUDS AND LOIS ATOP IT?

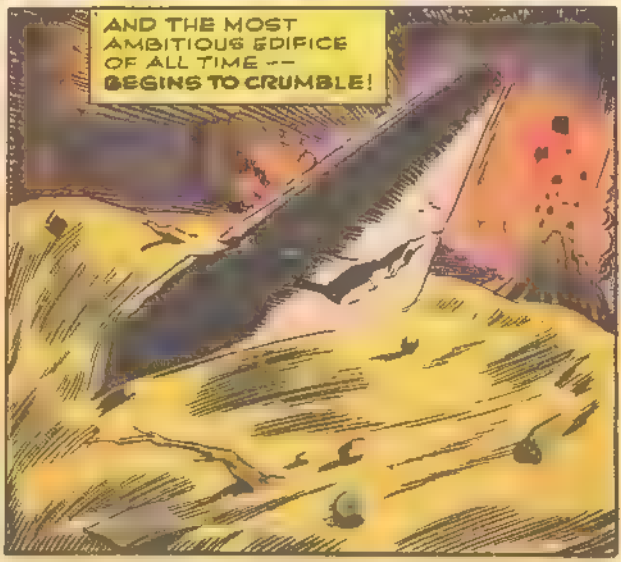


UNLEASHED BY THE ANGERED ARCHITECT-SCIENTIST, MASSIVE LIGHTNING-BOLTS BOMBARD THE MAN OF TOMORROW...

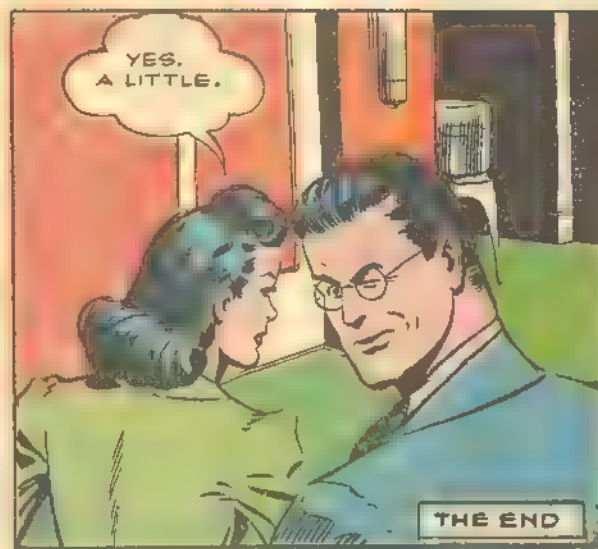
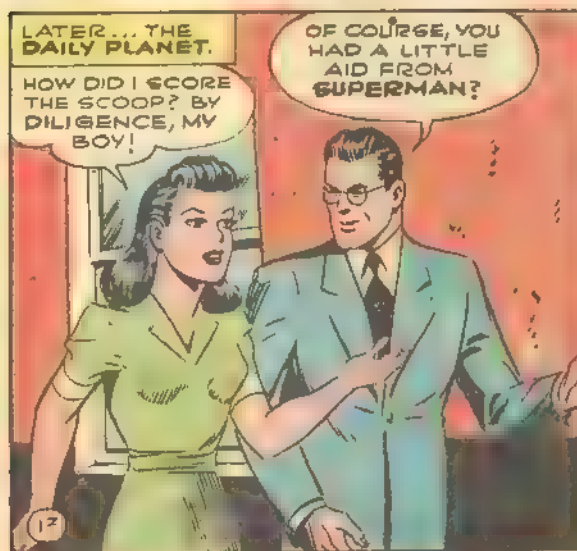
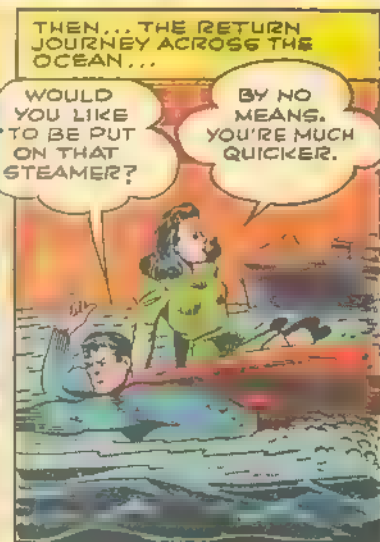
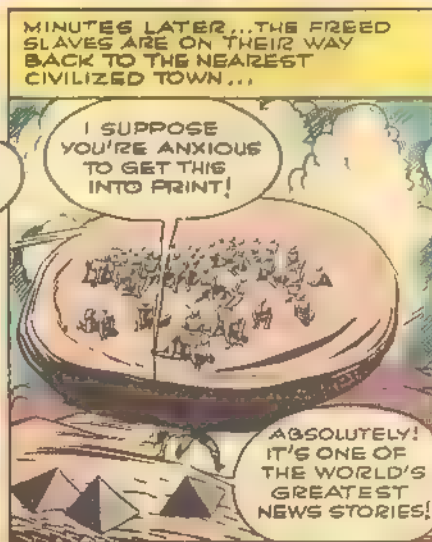
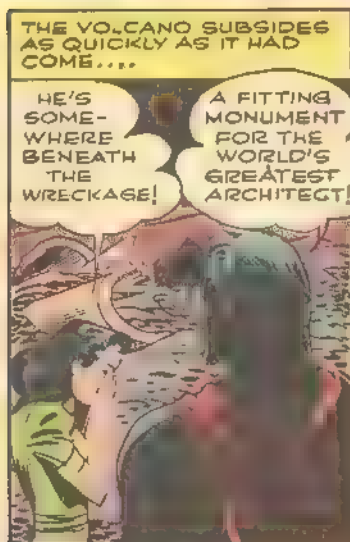
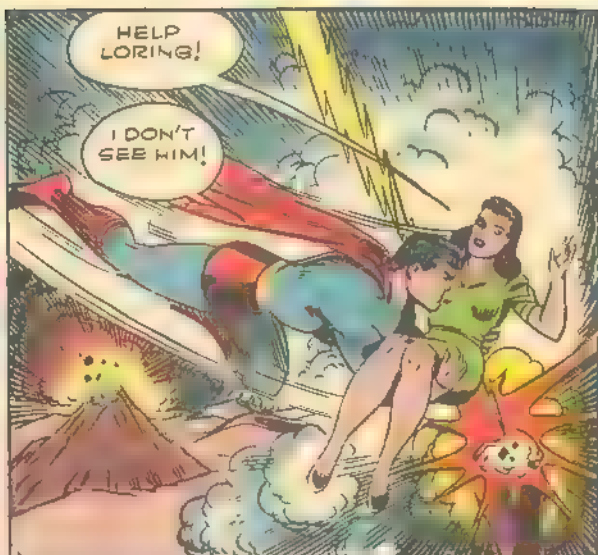
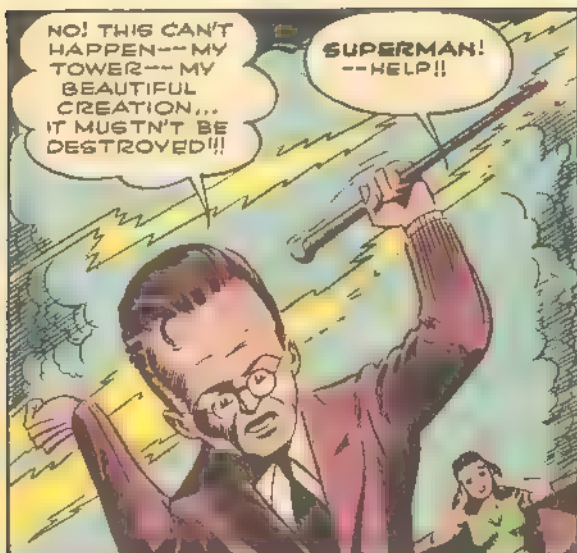
HOT SPOT!

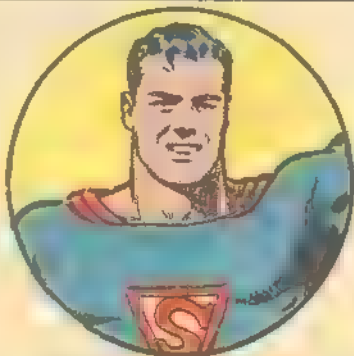


BUT TWO SUPERMAN IS UNHARMED, THE FORCE OF THE BOLTS CAUSES A SLUMBERING VOLCANO TO ERUPT...



AND THE MOST AMBITIOUS EDIFICE OF ALL TIME -- BEGINS TO CRUMBLE!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS, MEMBERS! This month's Superman of the U. S. Army is Technical Sergeant Robert L. Golay. Looking more like a school-boy just fitted into uniform than the rough and tough veteran airman that he is, this 22-year old, boyish, sandy-haired fighter flirted with death for 140 minutes and came back to add another glorious page to the history of our Army.

Sergeant Golay was born in Fredonia, Kansas. Until joining the Army Air Forces on June 28, 1940, he worked on a newspaper, The Fredonia Daily Herald. The kind of training he received in the U. S. Army made it only natural that he should eventually win the Distinguished Flying Cross. He served at seven different airfields and bases before going overseas last spring with one of the first American bombardment squadrons to reach England.

The flight which earned him the D.F.C. started out smoothly enough but didn't stay that way very long. Six American air crews flying twin-engine A-20 bombers lashed across the Channel in a low-altitude attack on the Netherlands coast. They had no fighter escort—but let this modest gunner tell his own story:

"We were in the Number 2 spot," said Golay, "to the right and just behind the leader. Our objective was an enemy airdrome at De Kooy.

"That sure was a hot target," said the Sergeant. "We had thought that it would be. Crossing the Channel, we passed several fishing boats. They were 'squealers' and, since we were still fifty miles from our objective, the Germans had plenty of advance warning.

"We were about three miles from the German air field when they opened up on us with 30-mm. guns. I was lying on my stomach, handling the lower flexible machine guns. We were just over the airdrome with bullets flying in all directions, when I saw our starboard propeller come sailing past. It had been shot off and the starboard engine and wing had caught fire."

"My principal thought at this time was, this is pretty rough stuff,



"Just after I saw our propeller fly off, there was a terrific noise—a sort of *wir-r-u-ump*—and a shot, and the floor of the plane folded right up in the middle. My legs were numb and I thought I was shot. Afterwards, of course, I realized we had hit the ground.

"How Captain Kegelman ever pulled that plane up I will never know. I never heard such a racket before. The Captain was firing and Bennie (Sergeant Bennie B. Gunningham, the other gunner) was firing and I was firing and it was just pandemonium all over the place. I got one gun battery and Bennie got another, so we did plenty of damage. By this time, we were getting out of there. I remember we passed over a house somebody was building. A lot of workmen up there began jumping for it pretty lively.

"Then, before we knew it, we were back over the Channel. Everything

seemed deathly quiet. Nobody spoke for two or three minutes. But at last there was a letdown and we all started jabbering at once."

With only one engine working, and flying 30 feet above the Channel, they sighted a German Messerschmidt above them. They escaped unseen however, and flew only ten feet above the water the rest of the way.

"The odd thing was that we all felt as though we had been gone about thirty minutes. Actually, it had been about two and a half hours," Golay said.

When the plane was examined later, it was found that one propeller had been shot away and one engine set afire, the right wing was badly battered, and the tail had been riddled with bullets. Where the plane had struck the ground, momentarily out of control, there was a huge hole in the fuselage.

"Don't let anybody tell you that these planes aren't among the best in the world," continued Sergeant Golay. And, "Once you've been in battle, you have full confidence in everybody in the plane and want to stick together. Nobody can work as an individual."

Sergeant Golay's exploits, and the fulfilling of his plane's mission in spite of all odds, is just one example of what lies in store for the Nazis as America gets ready to strike the final blows for VICTORY.

Sincerely,
CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

JAN.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY

Technical Sergeant
ROBERT L. GOLEY, 22,
of Fredonia, Kansas
Army Air Force gunner



Awarded the
Distinguished
Flying Cross
for participating
in the first
American
bombing attack
upon Nazi-held
Netherlands



Before joining the U. S. Army Air Forces, Goley worked on a newspaper, the Fredonia Daily Herald. His wife is contributing her share to the March to Victory by working in a Kansas war industry plant.

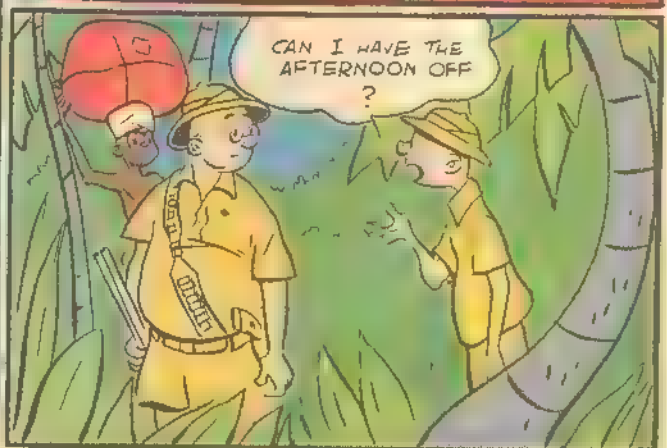
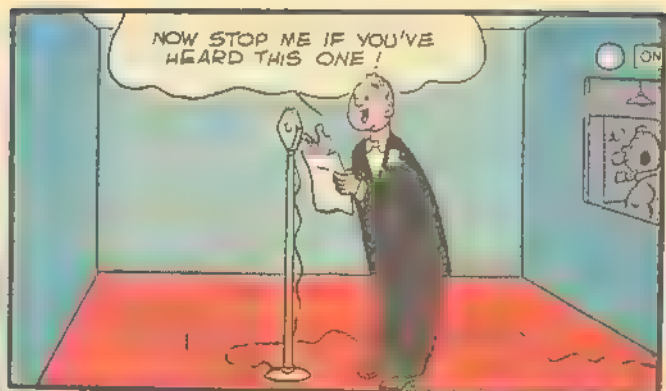
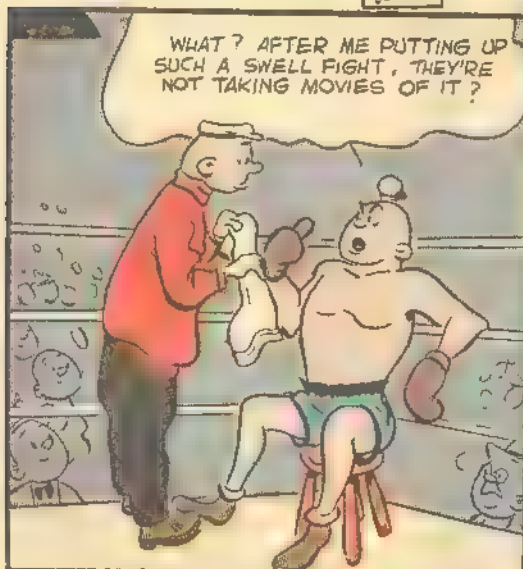
On Independence Day, six American air crews flying twin-engine A 20 bombers lashed across the Channel. Approaching the objective, an enemy airdrome at De Kooy, Goley's plane was struck by machine gun and anti-aircraft fire. "We were just about over the airdrome and there were tracer bullets flying at us from every direction when I saw our propeller come sailing past. It had been shot off and the starboard engine nacelle and wing had caught fire," says Sgt. Goley. But his crew dropped a bomb in the middle of the gun emplacements. "How Capt. Kegelman ever pulled that plane up, I will never know. We knocked out the flak tower and got one battery and Benna got another, so we did plenty of damage. We limped back across the Channel, flying 20 feet above the water, and finally got to our base," he adds.

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LAFFS

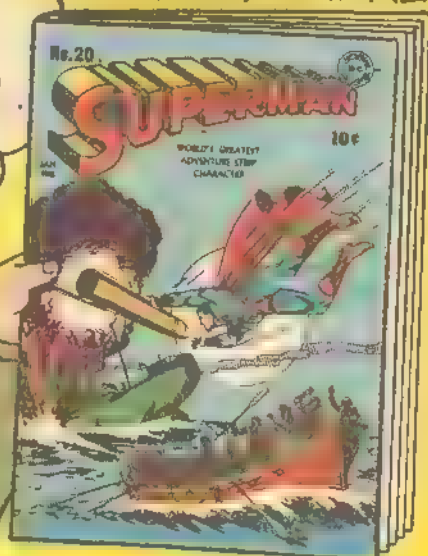
HENRY BOJ-OFF



I ASK YOU!

---WHAT OTHER ADVENTURE CHARACTER CAN DO THE THINGS **SUPERMAN** DOES?!? HIS SCORES OF IMITATORS ONLY SHOW THAT **SUPERMAN** IS STILL **TOP MAN** ---AND HERE'S ANOTHER ISSUE OF HIS OWN MAGAZINE TO PROVE IT!

SUPERMAN IS TOP FAVORITE AT ARMY POST-EXCHANGES EVERYWHERE!



NOW ON SALE!

VIGILANTE

MORTON
and
ROLSSON

OH, SOME PLAY GAMES FOR SKY-HIGH STAKES,
AND SOME PLAY PENNY-ANTE...
BUT THOSE WHO GAMBLE WITH THE LAW
MUST PAY THE VIGILANTE!



When **STUFF**, the SLANG-
SLINGING "CHINATOWN KID" POURS FORTH
SONG, THE RAUCOUS ECHOES TANGLE MUR-
DEROUS GANGSTERS AND A DREAMY OLD
HOBBO TOGETHER IN ONE OF THE STRANGEST
CRIME-PLOTS ON RECORD! AND ONCE AGAIN, THE
ROUGH-RIDING **VIGILANTE** RACES ALONG THE
JUSTICE TRAIL, PITTING WESTERN WITS AND
WEAPONS AGAINST HAIR-RAISING HAZARDS AS
THE GUNS OF BIG CITY OUT LAWS CHANT A...
"Melody of Menace!"

THERE ARE SONGS AND SONGS. AND HERE EVIDENTLY ARE SOME THAT MIGHT BETTER NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN...

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR SONG WRITERS, SANGER... IN THE HOME FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED? THERE ISN'T A GOOD LINE OR A DECENT MELODY IN ANY OF THESE BALLADS!

WHAT OF IT, GREG? ANYTHING WOULD SOUND GOOD THE WAY YOU PUT IT ON THE AIR!

GREG SANDERS, FAMED ON THE RADIO AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, CAN MAKE A SONG POPULAR OR A SONG PUBLISHER PROSPEROUS ALMOST OVERNIGHT...BUT...

BUT THE SONGS HAVE TO BE GOOD, TOO! YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING TOO MANY BAD ONES OVER ON ME... AND I'M GOING TO LOOK SOMEWHERE ELSE FOR MATERIAL.

YOU'RE QUITTING? I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS!

I'M SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT TO THINK OF MY PUBLIC...THE PEOPLE WHO LIKE MY SINGING WILL TUNE ME RIGHT OUT OF THE BROADCAST CHANNELS IF I GO SOUR ON THEM.

OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL!

SO THAT DUDE COWBOY THINKS HE CAN WALK OUT ON ME! HE'LL FIND OUT PETE SANGER DOESN'T BRUSH OFF SO EASILY

THERE MAY BE DISCORD BETWEEN SANDERS AND THE SONG PUBLISHER...BUT THERE IS NONE IN THE HEART OF STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, THIS BRIGHT SUNNY DAY...

UNFORTUNATELY, A SONG IN THE HEART DOESN'T GUARANTEE GRAND-OPERA QUALITY IN THE VOCAL CHORDS...

TH' GRASS WAS BURN'T UP BY THE SUN...
THE WATER HOLE WAS DRY...
TH' THIRSTY COWHAND TOOK A CHAW AN' MURMURED WITH A SIGH...

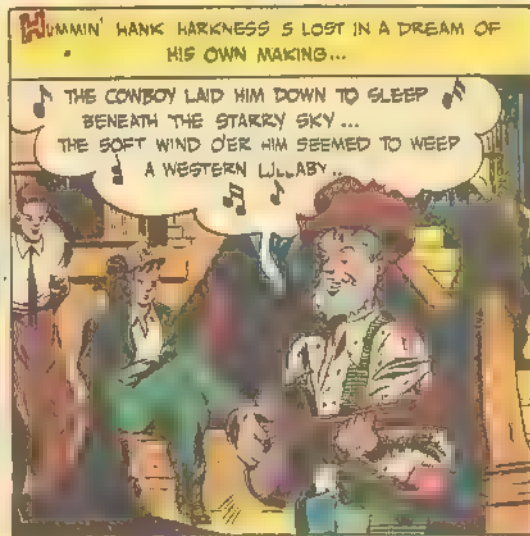
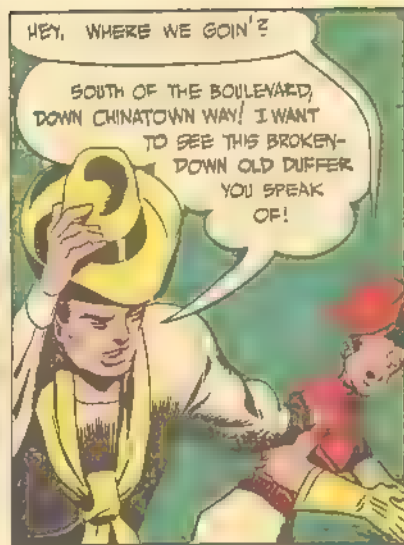
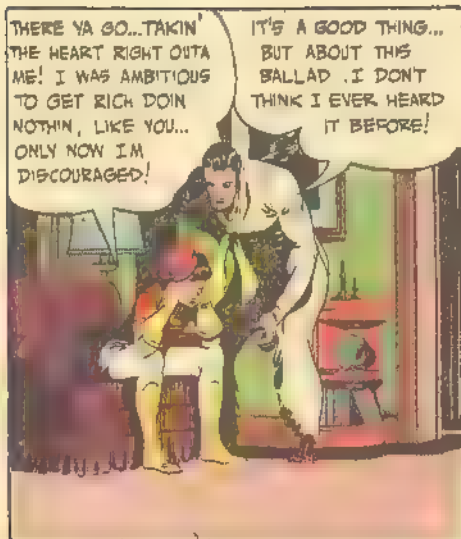
NEVERTHELESS, STUFF DOES MANAGE TO MAKE A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION...

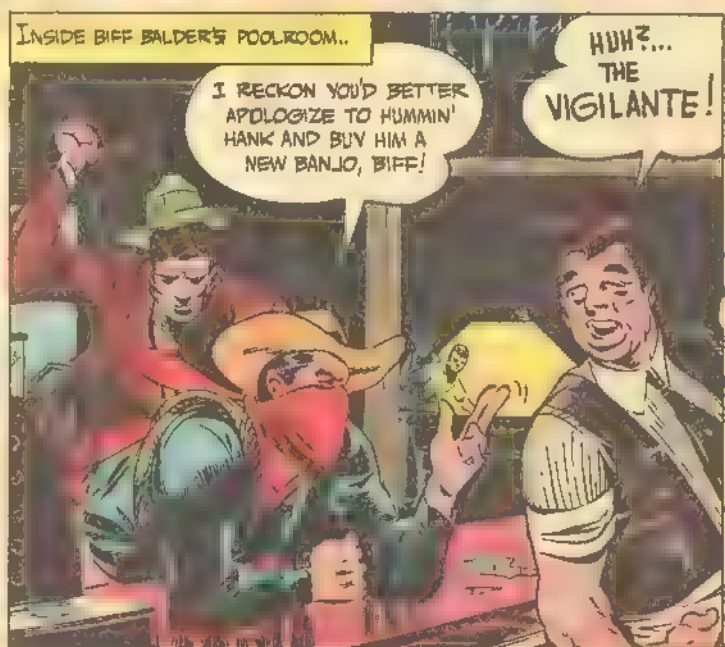
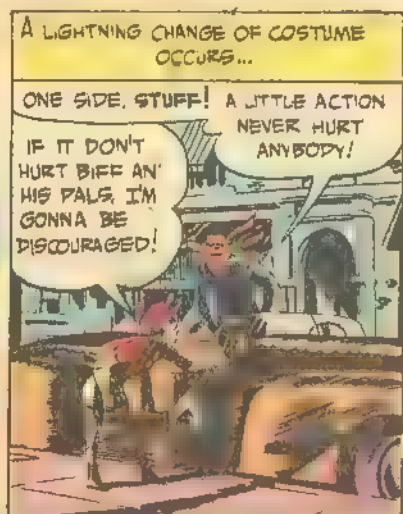
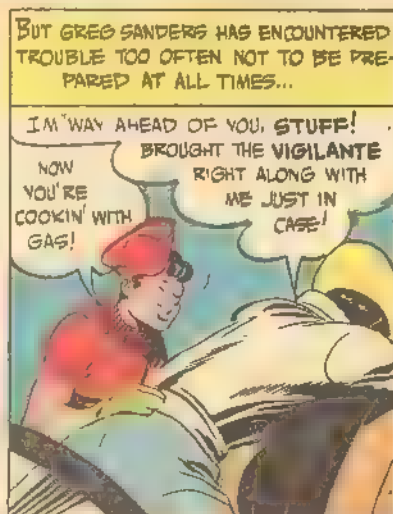
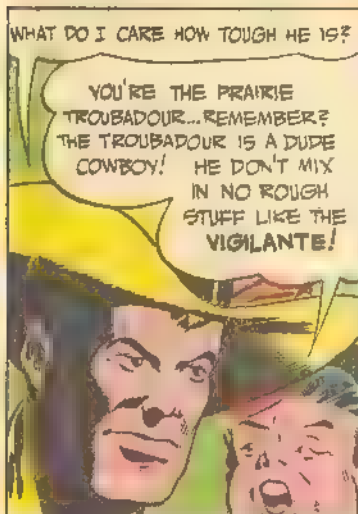
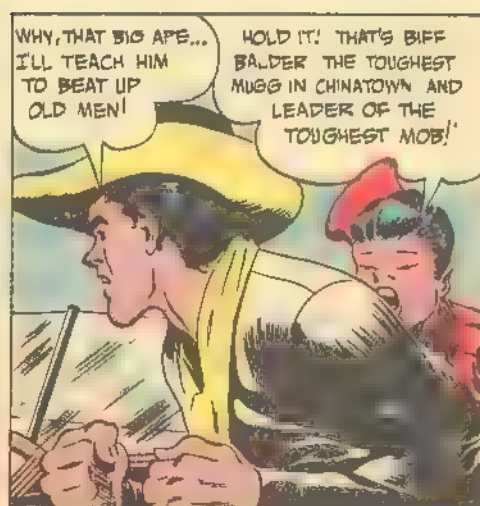
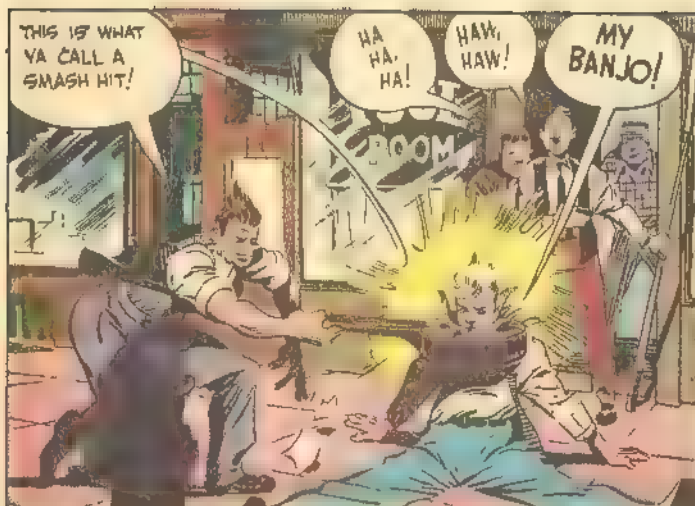
DON'T LET ME DIE ON TH' PRAIRIE...
DON'T LET ME LIE IN TH' SAGE...
TAKE ME TO DEAR LITTLE MARY...
THERE, LET ME DIE OF OLD AGE!

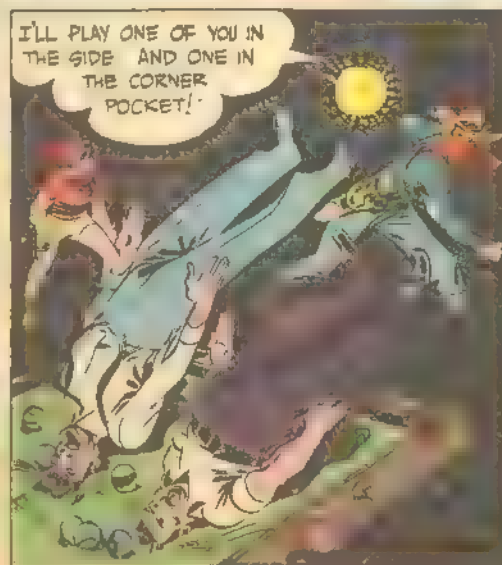
WHAT A SONG! BEST I'VE HEARD SINCE I LEFT WYOMING!

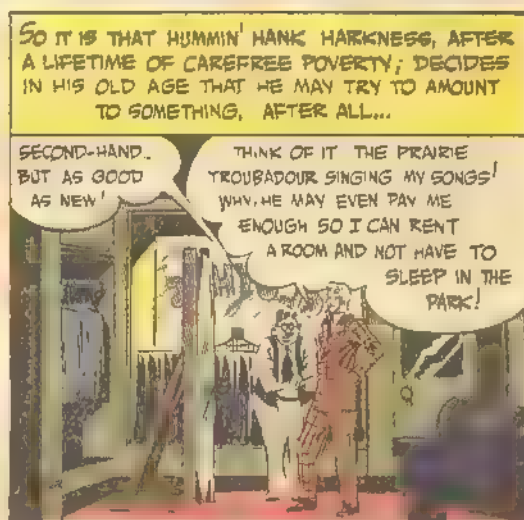
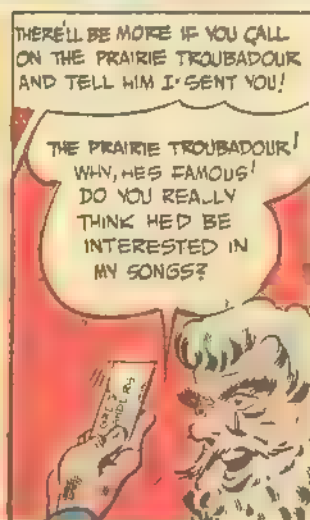
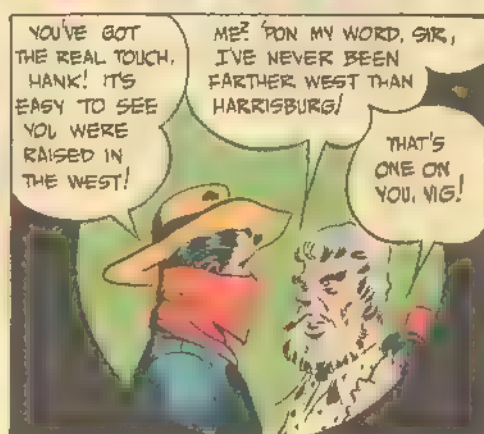
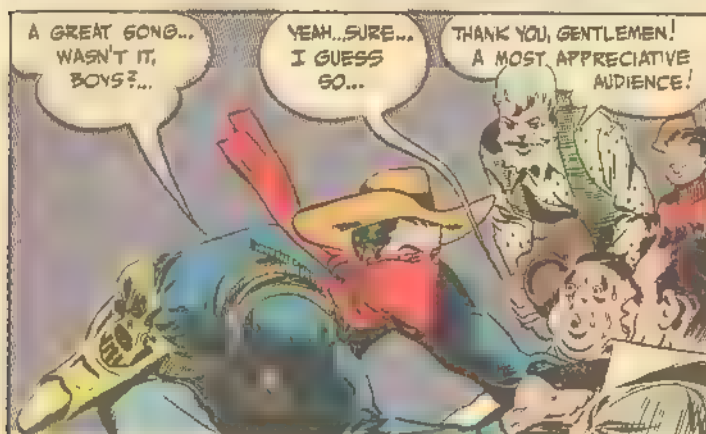
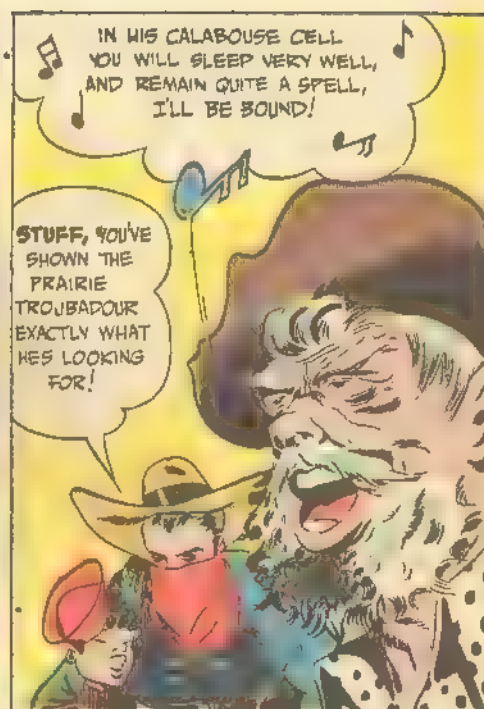
YA THINK I'M GOOD, P.T.? HOW ABOUT GETTIN' ME A SPOT ON THE AIR?

YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG, PARDNER... A COVOTE KINODLING AT THE MOON IS A PRIMA DONNA COMPARED TO YOU! BUT THAT SONG IS A WOW!









IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR MAKES RADIO HISTORY...

... AND NOW WE PRESENT THE GREAT CROONER IN ANOTHER NEW BALLAD FILLED WITH THE FLAVOR OF THE OLD WEST...THE LATEST SONG BY HUMMIN' HANK HARKNESS.



THEY TOOK THE POOR OLD HOSS THIEF... AND HUNG HIM TO A TREE IT WAS A WEEPING WILLOW... DON'T CRY NO MORE FOR ME!



THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR MAY SING BALLADS OF THE OLD WEST, BUT HE CERTAINLY GIVES ME A NEW FEELING!

YES AND HE CREDITS AN EX-HOBO FOR WRITING HIS HIT SONGS!

I HEAR HIS SONGS ARE BREAKINGS ALL OLD RECORDS!



GOOD NEWS GREG YOUR SPONSOR IS RENEWING HIS CONTRACT AT TWICE LAST YEAR'S FIGURE!

AND IT'S MOSTLY DUE TO HUMMIN' HANK!



WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR? WHY DON'TCHA TIE HUMMIN' HANK UP WITH A CONTRACT?

I WANT HIM TO GET THE BEST POSSIBLE BREAK.

STUFF...SONG PUBLISHERS WILL START BIDDING FOR HIS WORK ANY DAY, AND HE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE THE HIGHEST OFFER!



UNFORTUNATELY, THE FIRST SONG PUBLISHER TO BID FOR HUMMIN' HANK'S SERVICES IS THE BRAND-NEW FIRM OF BIFF BALDER, INC..

PON MY SOUL, BIFF...I DON'T WANT ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH YOU! LEAVE ME ALONE!

YA GOT ME WRONG, HARKNESS...I'M SORRY I SLUGGED YA, AN' I WANNA DO YOU A FAVOR!



YOU MEAN ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SIGN MY NAME, AND YOU'LL GIVE ME FIFTEEN DOLLARS EVERY WEEK?

AN A EXTRA WEEK'S PAY EVERY CHRISTMAS! NOBODY CAN SAY I'M NOT A BIG-HEARTED GUY!



BUT WHEN THE CONTRACT HAS BEEN DULY SIGNED AND WITNESSED..

HO HO! HE FELL FOR IT LIKE A TON OF BRICKS:

NOW THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR WILL HAVE TO PLAY BALL, OR I'LL SEND HARKNESS' SONGS TO ONE OF HIS RIVALS! MEANWHILE WE'LL GET RICH SELLING SHEET MUSIC AND RECORDINGS!



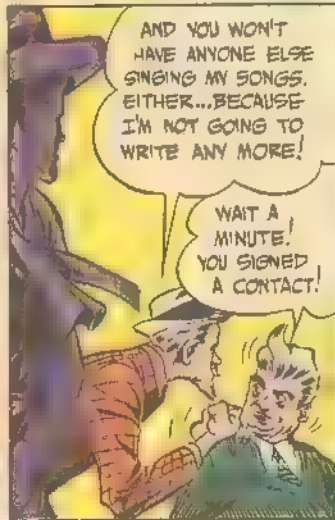
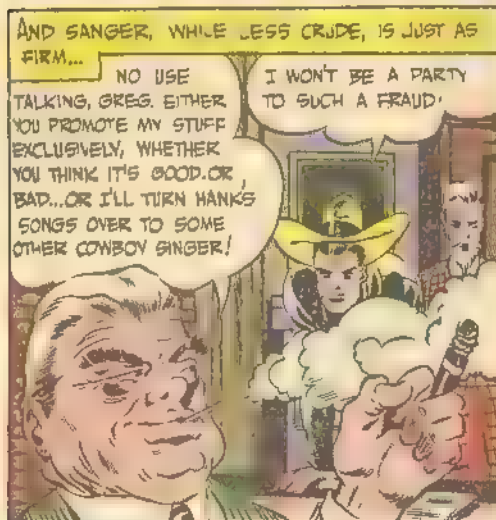


GRACIOUS SAKES! DID YOU... DID YOU SAY A TH-THOUSAND A WEEK?

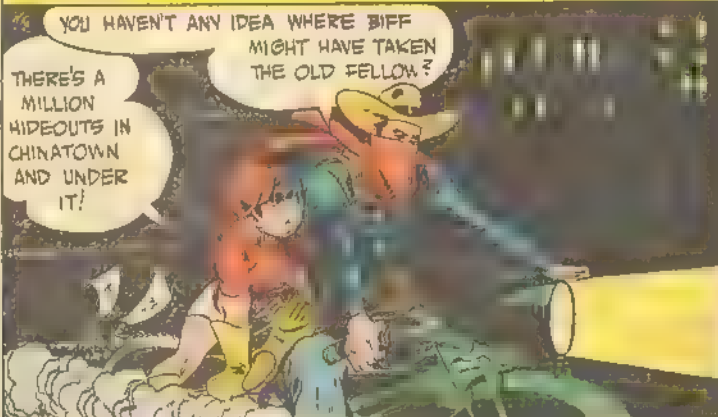
BUT I'VE ALREADY SIGNED UP WITH BIFF BALDER! HE'S PAYING ME (GULP) FIFTEEN DOLLARS A WEEK!



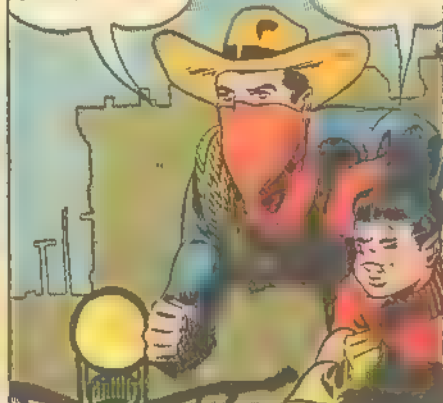
BUT THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IS ONE COWBOY FOR WHOM BIFF BALDER HAS LITTLE RESPECT..



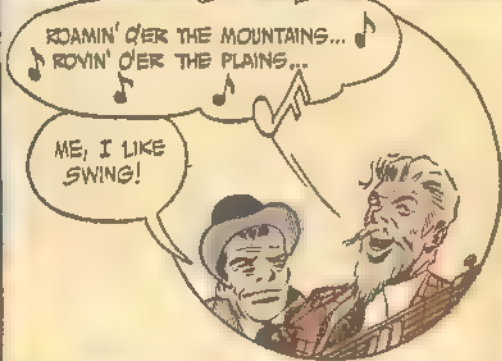
STILL LATER, THE SPUTTERING ROAR OF A HARD-DRIVEN MOTORCYCLE ECHOES THROUGH THE NARROW, TWISTED STREETS...



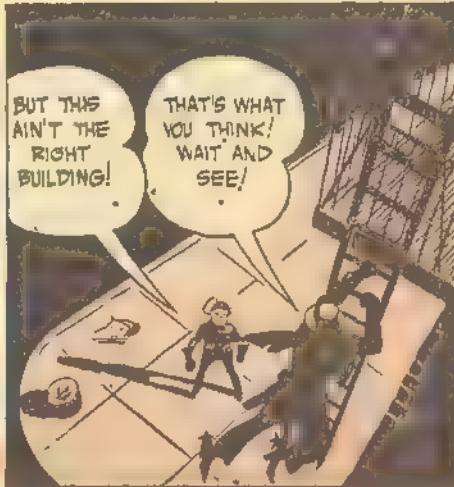
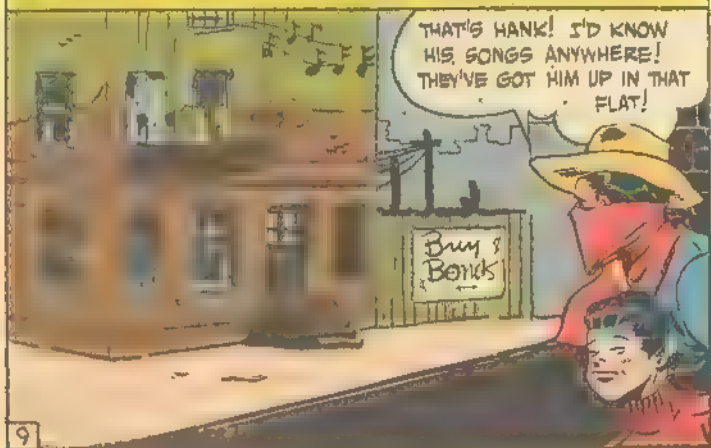
WE'LL LEAVE THE GAS BUGGY HERE AND GO A-LISTENIN'...



MEANWHILE, IN A SHABBY FLAT AT THE EDGE OF CHINATOWN...



THE MOURNFUL STRAINS OF THE SONG DRIFT THROUGH THE NIGHT, AND...



A WRITHING NOOSE, CAST WITH UNCANNY SKILL, HISSES THROUGH THE AIR...



CLIMB ABOARD, STUFF!



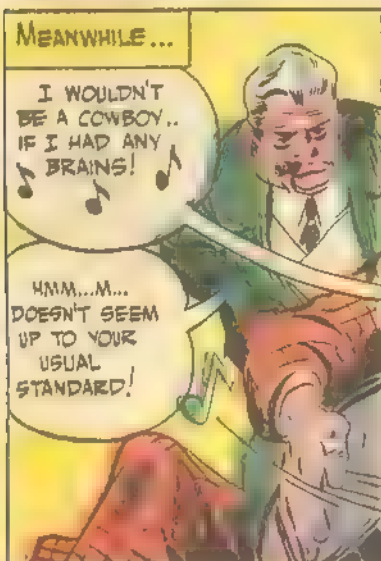
WE'RE GOING TO FEEL SILLY IF WE BUST INTO THE WRONG APARTMENT!



MEANWHILE...

I WOULDN'T BE A COWBOY... IF I HAD ANY BRAINS!

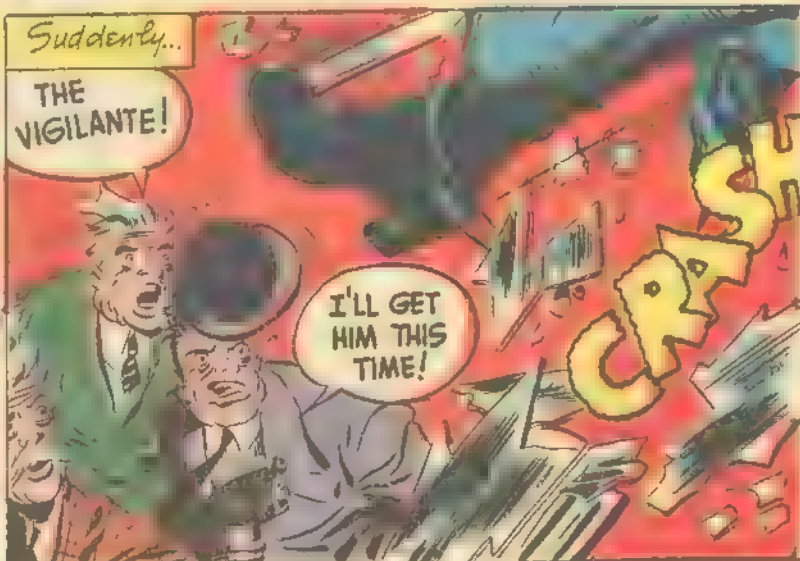
HMM...M... DOESN'T SEEM UP TO YOUR USUAL STANDARD!



Suddenly...

THE VIGILANTE!

I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!



YEE-OHWW!

IF THERE ARE PIGS WITHIN TEN MILES, THEY'LL COME A-RUNNIN'!



THIS IS KNOWN AS THE WHAM - WHAM BLUES!

AN' THIS IS THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF ME LIFE!



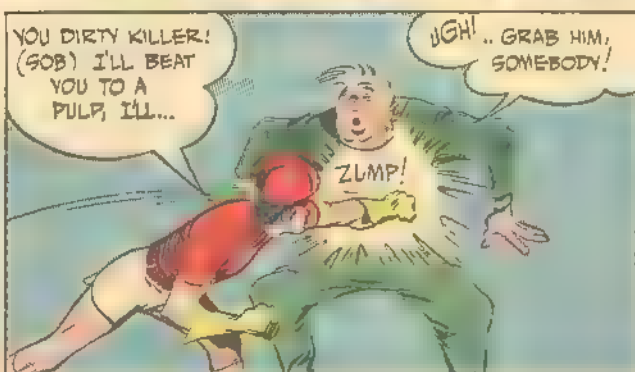
HUMMIN' HANK SACRIFICES HIS MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION...



'PON MY SOUL...I WENT AND RUINED IT!



PETE GANGER IS TOO FAT TO FIGHT...BUT A COWARDLY BLOW FROM BEHIND IS NOT FIGHTIN'...



BUT THE COMBINED EFFORTS OF A BOY AND AN OLDSTER ARE NOT ENOUGH TO OVERCOME A ROOMFUL OF TOUGH GANGSTERS...AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS... THEY ARE OVERCOME..

FORGET THE SONGS... WE'LL HAVE TO BUMP OFF BOTH OF 'EM TO KEEP THEM FROM TELLING WHAT WE DID TO THE VIGILANTE!

I'M TH BOY TO DO IT!



THE VIGILANTE IS FAR FROM DEAD. HOWEVER..THANKS TO THE SCAFFOLD USED BY SAND BLASTERS TO CLEAN THE GRIMY WALLS OF THE BUILDING...

WAS I LUCKY!...
WHAT'S THIS...
SAND BLASTING
EQUIPMENT...
AND I THINK
I KNOW JUST
WHAT TO USE
IT FOR!

A SECOND FROM NOW
AND THEY WON'T
BE ABLE TO
SEE ME
FOR DUST!

WITHIN THE
APARTMENT...

CURTAINS FOR YOU, KID...
HEY...WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?

COUGH!
COUGH!

THIS IS BETTER THAN
A TOMMY-GUN!

OW!

CUT IT
OUT!

WE
SURRENDER!

Finally...

BUT THEY'VE
STILL GOT
MY NAME
ON THAT
CONTRACT!

THEY CAN SUE
YOU AFTER THEY'VE
FINISHED SERVING
PRISON TERMS
FOR KIDNAPPING
AND ATTEMPTED
MURDER .
ABOUT FIFTY
YEARS
FROM
NOW.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, HUMMIN' HANK
INVITES HIS FRIENDS TO HELP HIM
CELEBRATE A NEW SONG, A NEW
BANJO, AND A NEW THOUSAND -
DOLLAR-A-WEEK JOB...

OH, SOME PLAY FOR SKY-
HIGH STAKES...
AND SOME PLAY PENNY-
ANTE...
BUT THOSE WHO GAMBLE
WITH THE LAW
MUST PAY THE
VIGILANTE!

MORT
and
Buck

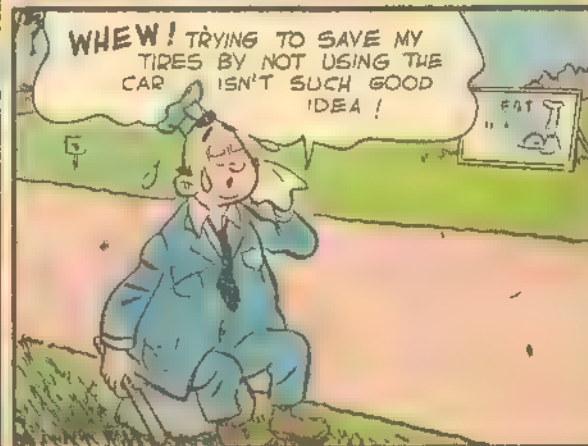
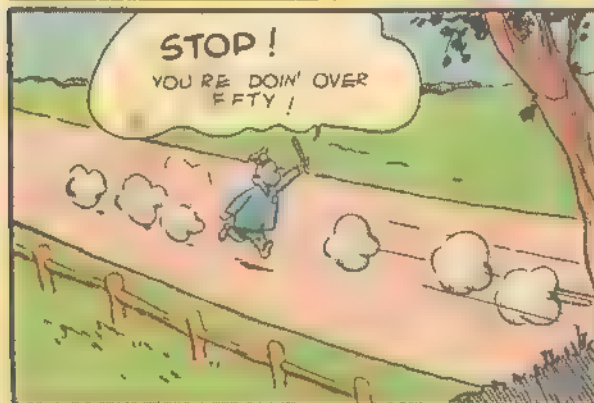
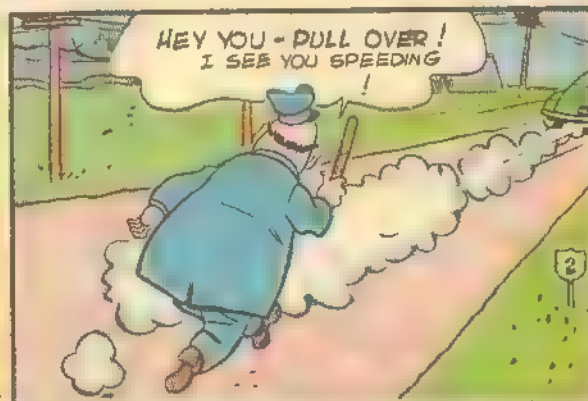
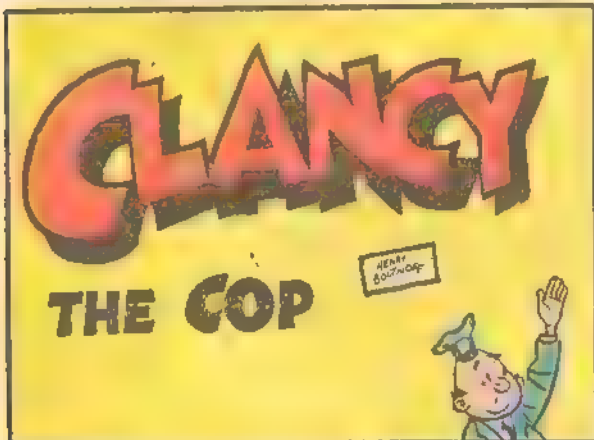
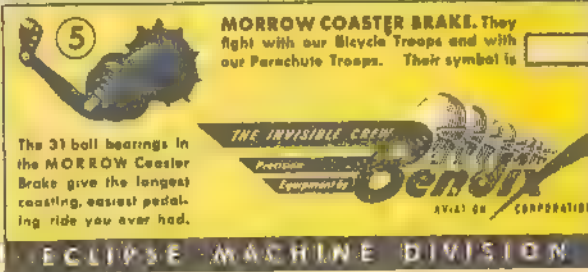
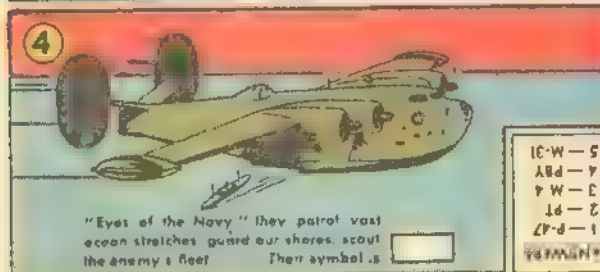
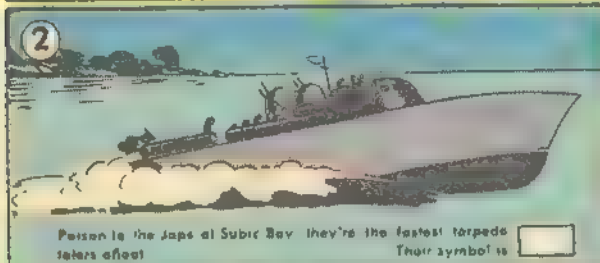
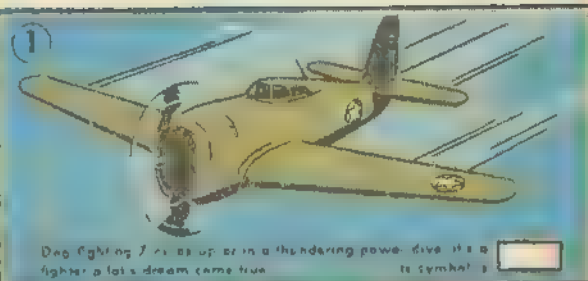
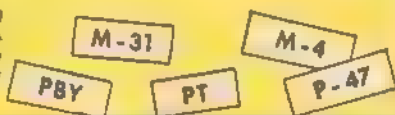
I WONDER WHY
THE VIGILANTE
DIDN'T SHOW UP
FOR MY PARTY
AFTER I WROTE
THAT SONG JUST
FOR HIM?

THAT'S
EASY...
HE'S
BASHFUL!

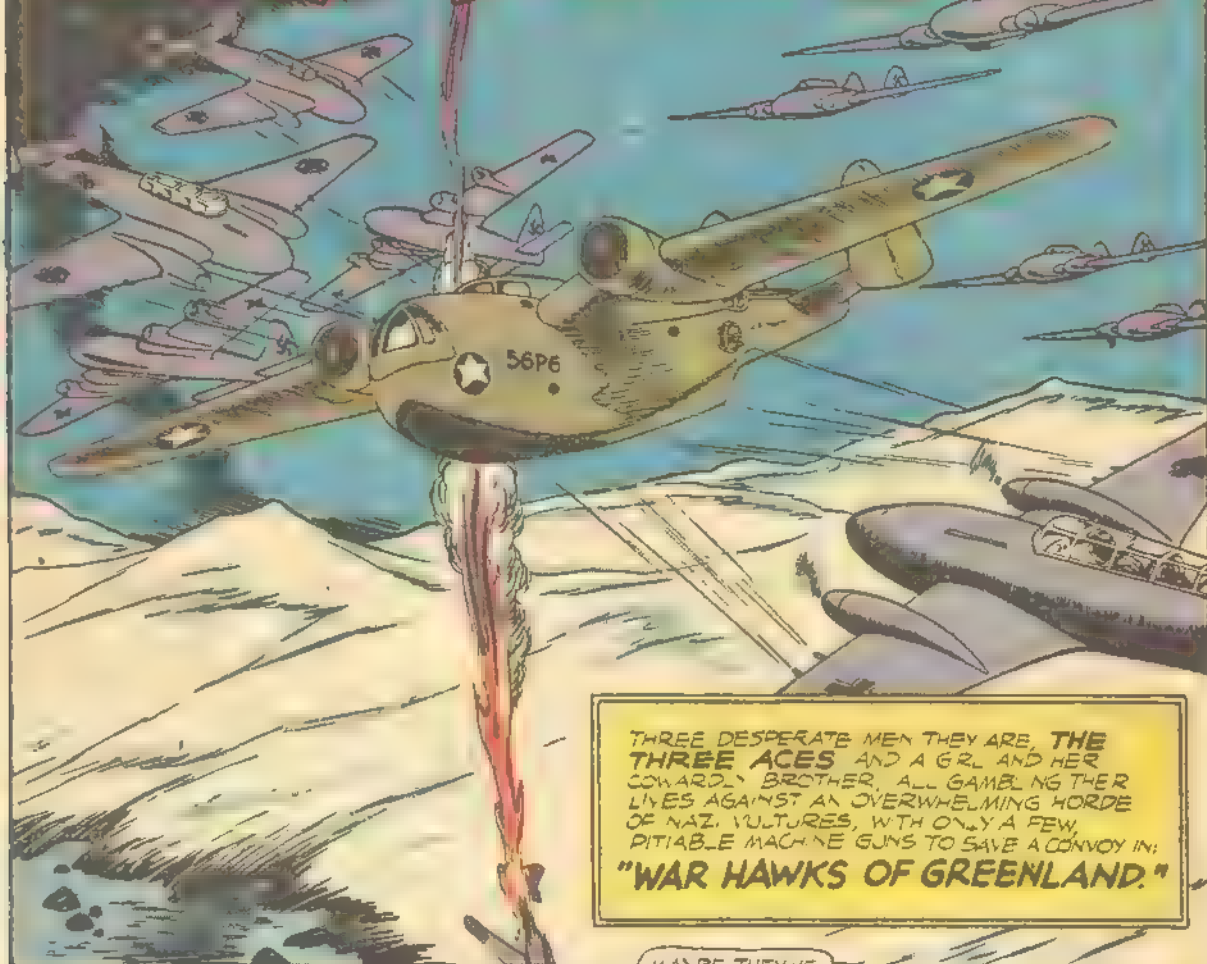
But when it comes to riding
herd on hoodlums, the
VIGILANTE is far from bash-
ful as he proves once again
in a rip-roaring adventure
in the next issue of...
Action Comics

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures



3 ACES



THREE DESPERATE MEN THEY ARE, THE **THREE ACES** AND A GRL. AND HER COWARDLY BROTHER, ALL GAMBLING THEIR LIVES AGAINST AN OVERWHELMING HORDE OF NAZI VULTURES, WITH ONLY A FEW, PITIABLE MACHINE GUNS TO SAVE A CONVOY IN: **"WAR HAWKS OF GREENLAND."**

OVER THE COLD FOGGY NORTH ATLANTIC ROARS A HUGE MARINE PATROL BOMBER FERRIED BY THE REDOUTABLE **THREE ACES** TO ENGLAND.

WE'RE ON COURSE. WE'VE TAKEN A PAIR OF GONING TO TURN ON THE MAKE. WE'VE TAKEN A HEAVY UNTIL WE GET BRITANNIA'S RUDDY HONEYBROWN NOT?

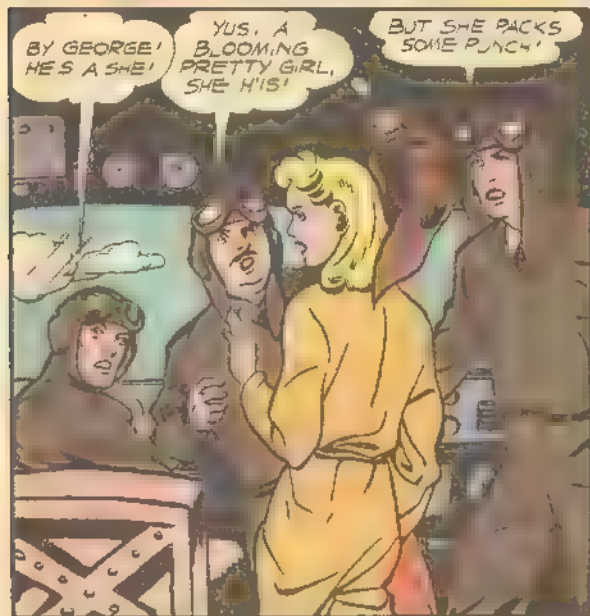
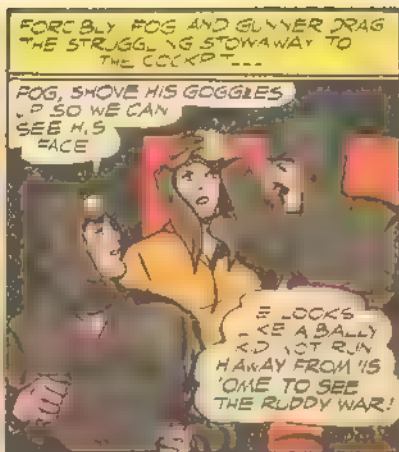
NOT YET, THE SHIP'S A BIT TAIL-HEAVY SO APT AND FIND OUT WHAT THE MECHANICS HAVE DONE TO THE SHIP!

MAYBE THEY'VE PUT YOUR PATENTED FIREWORKS IN THE STERN BY MISTAKE. WE'RE GONNA GIVE THEM TO THE COMMANDOS.

SQUEEZING THRU THE NARROW AFT COMPARTMENT, GUNNER AND P.C. FIND...

A STOWAWAY OF ALL THINGS!

*MAKE--MECHANICAL ROBOT THAT FLIES A PLANE BY ITSELF



*MANCHESTER -- BR'ISH LONG RANGE HEAVY BOMBER

THS ARE YOUNG ANES
IS A PRISONER
N THAT
SECRET
BASE, NOT
THE JERRIES
KEEP IN
GREENLAND!

FOGS GOT T
REVEAL
THE NAZ RAD
ON OUR CONVOYS,
SO, TH OF GREEN-
LAND? CTS OF
MESSERSCHMITTS
THE RANGE S
SHORT... IN OTHER
WORDS,
A BASE
GREEN-
LAND

MESSERSCHMITT... GERMAN
FIGHTER PLANE

IF SS HANES, YOU DONT
HAVE TO GO TO ENGLAND
TO STAY AWAY N A COASTAL
COMMAND CRATE. OH,
WERE GOING
STRAIGHT TO
GREENLAND
TO FIND
THAT
SECRET
BASE

OH,
THANK YOU
SO MUCH!

THRUSTING ITS NOSE INTO THE MURKY ATLANTIC NIGHT, THE BIG MARINER SCOUTS THE GREENLAND COAST

BLAME! HERE WE'RE,
STRUTTING HABOUT
AND YET WE CANT
SEE A THING.
WE CANT!

KEEP
YOUR EYES
PEELED AND
YOUR MOUTH
CLOSED!

I SAW A
RUDDY
LIGHT.
YUS
I DO!

GOOD
WE'VE GOT
TO PASS
SO THE
KRAL'S
WON'T GET
SUSPICIOUS!

TO LULL NAZI SUSPICIONS, WILL
CONTINUE FOR A FEW SHORT
MILES, THEN BANKS AND CUTS THE
ROARING ENGINE TO A WHISPERING PURR

STAND BY THE
GUYS! WE'VE
TELL NOW BIG
THE ENEMY
CAMP S!

LET
THE JERRIES
TRY, YUS
LET THEM!

WITH ENGINES DEAD, THE MARINER
GLIDES TOWARD A SILENT LANDING.

I SAW
LIGHT A
MOMENT
AGO,
ABOUT A
HUNDRED
YARDS
AHEAD

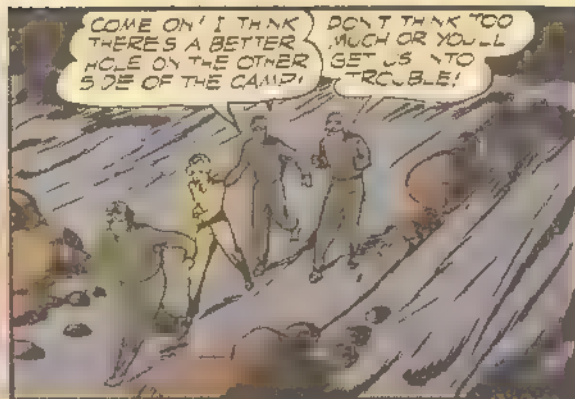
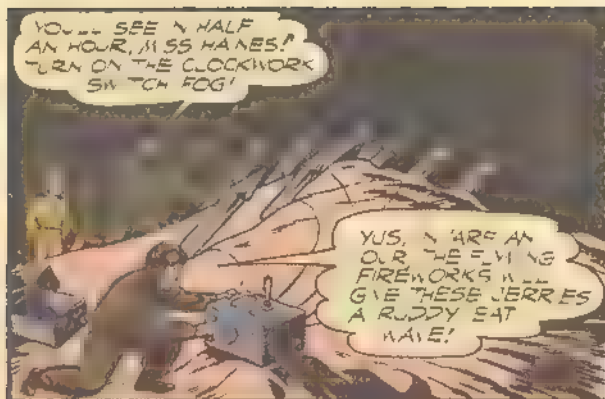
OKAY
IT'S NEAR
ENOUGH
FOR OUR
PLOT!

TAKE THESE PATENTED
FIREWORKS AND LUG
THEM UP THAT HILL!
WE'LL TEST THEM
ON THE NAZIS!

SUPPOSE
THE
COMMANDOS
NEED THEM
MORE THAN
WE DO!

THE COMMANDOS
WON'T LOSE A
THING IF IT
WORKS, WE'LL
GIVE THEM OUR
FORMULA!

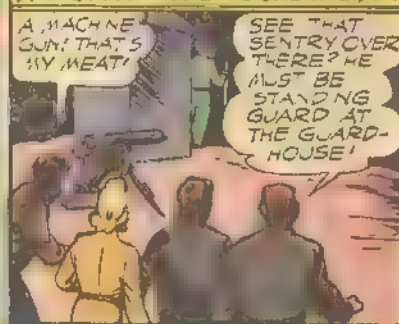
BUT WHAT
MAKES THESE
FIREWORKS
SO DIFFERENT?



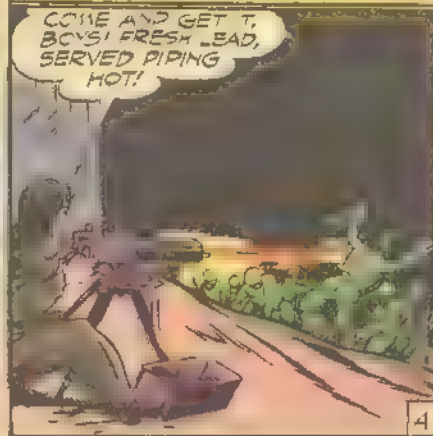
SHORTLY THE FIREWORKS BURST INTO A VIOLENT SERIES OF FIRE AND EARTH-SHAKING EXPLOSIONS, LIKE FURIOUS ARTILLERY SALVOS AND SCREAMING MACHINE GUNS!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE NAZIS' MAD CHARGE, THE THREE ACES AND BETTY INVADE THE SILENT CAMP.



ATTRACTED BY THE SENTRY'S SHOT, THE FURIOUS NAZIS RETURN TO CAMP SHACK INTO GUNNER'S STUTTERING MACHINE GUN...



AND AS THE BREAK OF DAWN BREAKS THE ACES HAVE CAPTURED THE SECRET CAMP AND FREED YOUNG HAINES.

THEY FORCED ME TO SHOW THEM SOME UNKNOWN BAYS HERE. YOU SEE, I WAS AN EXPLORER-PILOT AND I'VE MAPPED GREENLAND.

BUT WHERE ARE THE NAZI PLANES?

THEY TOOK SOME HOURS AGO TO RAID A CONVOY IN THE GRAND BANKS. THEY LEFT ONLY ONE MESSUP!

THE D.D.? GREAT! IS THERE ANY PAINT IN THIS CAMP?



*MESSUP... MESSERSCHMITT FIGHTER PLANE.

PAIN OUR NAVY COCCARDES OVER THEIR EMBLEMS WE CAN USE THAT CRATE!

ARE YOU SERIOUS, WILL? WHO'S GONNA FLY HER ANYWAY?

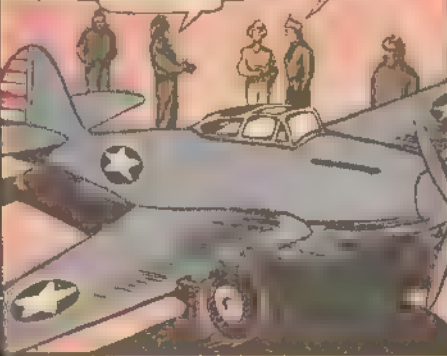


*COCCARDES... WINGS AND TAIL EMBLEMS.

SOME BRUSH STROKES LATER...

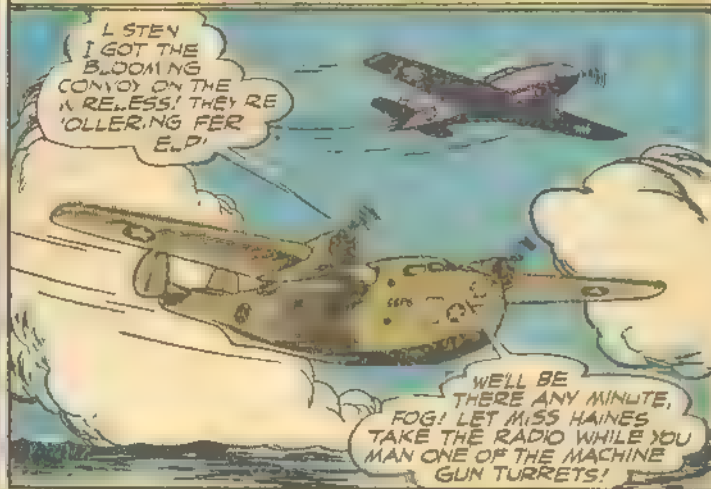
HA YES, YOU TAKE THE MESSERSCHMITT AND FOLLOW US WHEN WE MEET THE ENEMY, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, BUT KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US BY RADIO!

RIGHT YOU ARE!



WITH THE MESSERSCHMITT BUZZING ABOVE HER, THE MARINER RACES TO FRUSTRATE NAZI DESIGNS ON THE CONVOY.

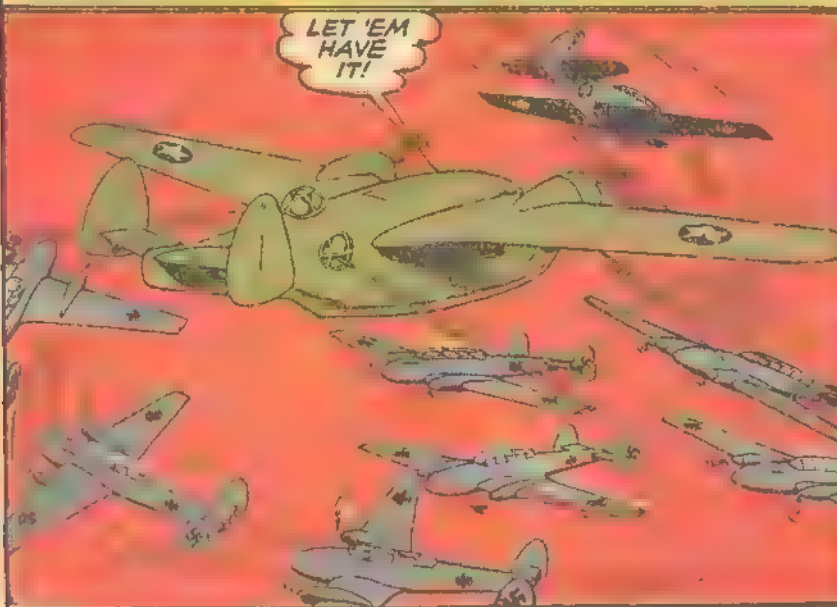
LISTEN I GOT THE BLOOMING CONVOY ON THE W. RELEASE! THEY'RE COLLERING FER E.L.P!



WE'LL BE THERE ANY MINUTE, FOG! LET MISS HAINES TAKE THE RADIO WHILE YOU MAN ONE OF THE MACHINE GUN TURRETS!

RUNNING INTO NAZI VULTURES, THE ACES AND THEIR ALLY SPRING ON THE GERMAN PLANES, THEIR HAMMERING GUNS SETTING THE SKY ABLAZE!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

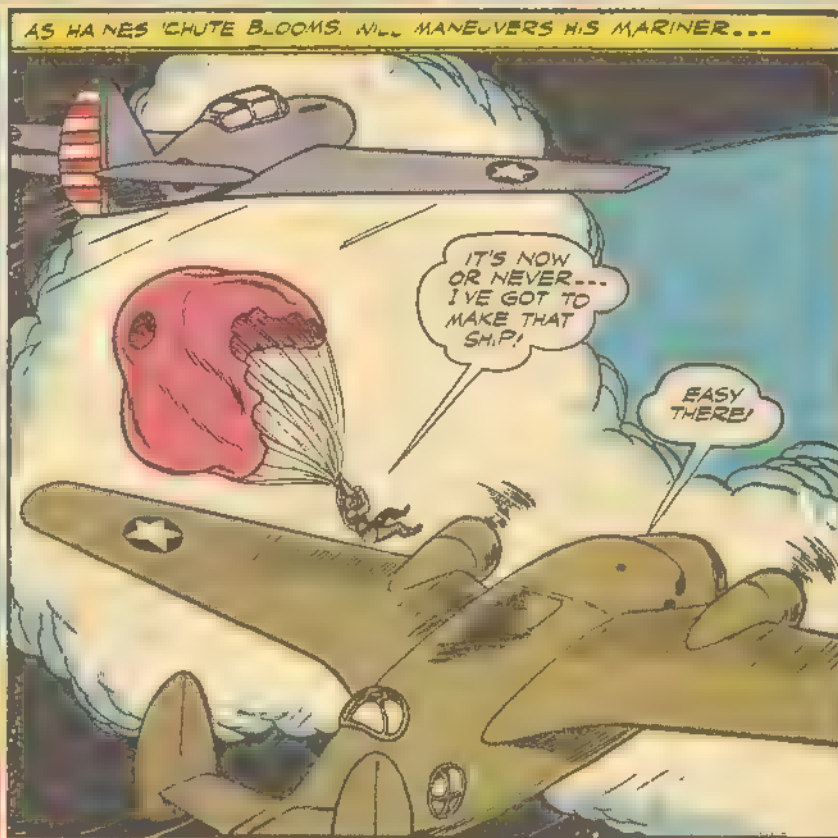
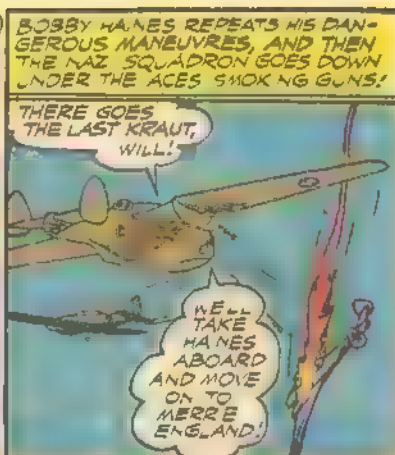
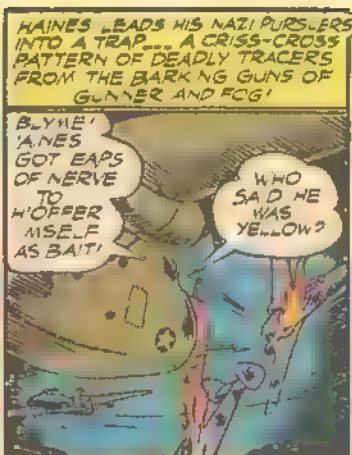


JAMMED MACHINE GUNS... THE MOST TERRIBLE CALAMITY OF A FIGHTER PILOT... BOBBY HAINES IS HELPLESS!

I CAN'T GET MY GUNS WORKING! IT'S GOOD BYE!



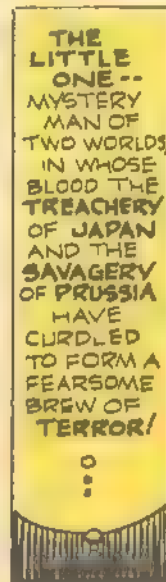
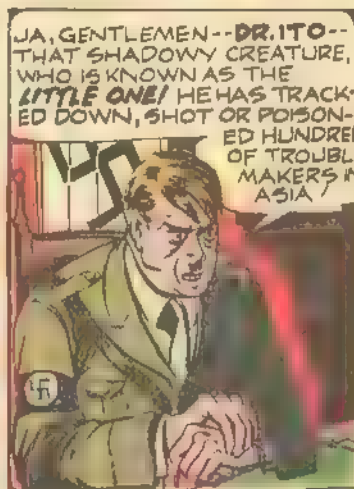
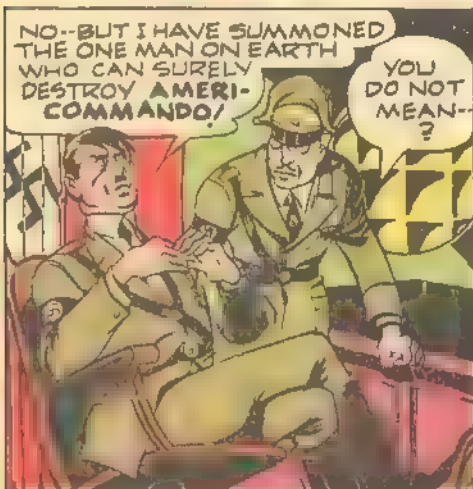
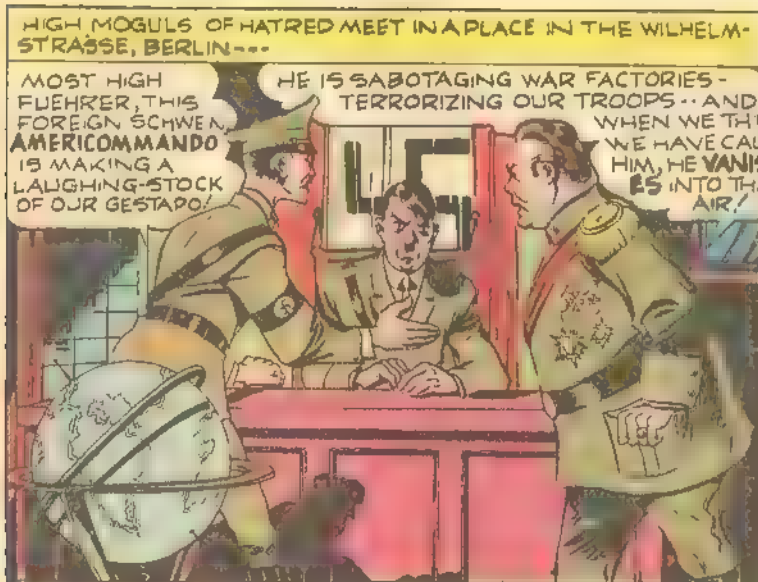
NO, YOU AREN'T THROUGH! LET ONE OF THE NAZIS GET ON YOUR TAIL!

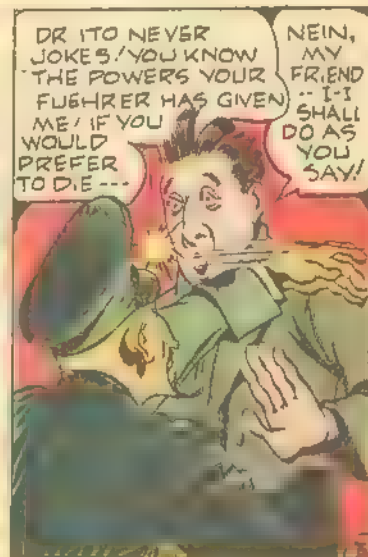
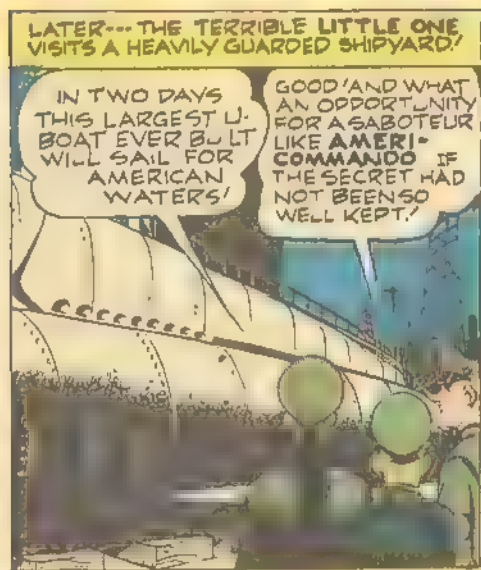
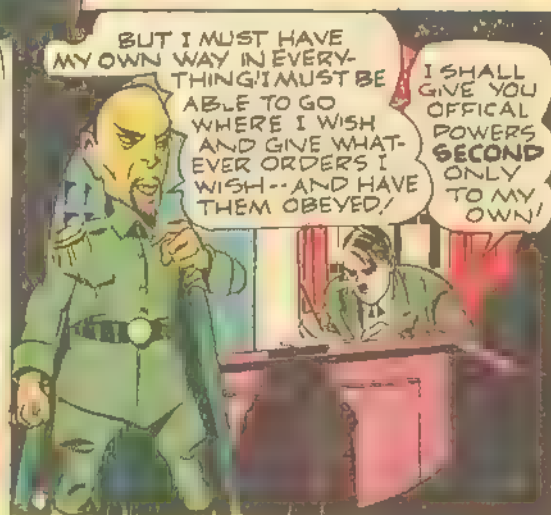




Out of the welter of savagery of the Far East comes a fearsome figure of the shadows...a half-caste master of the grim art of assassination to take up the challenge of the dare-devil **AMERICOMMANDO**, whose one-man invasion of Berlin has struck at the very heart of the Nazi rule.

... Where Hitler's Gestapo failed the dread "Little One" plans to penetrate the disguise of the American Hero and to spring a seemingly escape-proof death trap. And before the fierce adventure is ended, the roughest, toughest fighting man on earth sees his bold dreams of freedom for all nations imperiled by "THE MAN THE WHOLE WORLD FEARED"!





AND SO IT IS NOT EXACTLY BY ACCIDENT THAT AMERICOMMANDO, HIDING IN A SECRET LAIR OF GERMAN FOES OF HITLER, HEARS AN INTERESTING RUMOR--

--AND THEY SAY THAT THIS AMAZING U-BOAT WILL DOUBLE THE EFFICIENCY OF THE NAZI SUBMARINES OFF THE AMERICAN COAST!

THAT WOULD BE DASTROUS TO THE ALLIES' SUPPLY LINES!

PERHAPS, PROFESSOR GUNTHER-- PERHAPS

LATER, A LITHE MUSCULAR MAN IN THE UNIFORM OF THE GESTAPO, THE DREAD SECRET POLICE, VISITS THE SHIPYARD!

STAND AS DE! I AM CAPTAIN RIKER-- INVESTIGATOR FOR DER FUEHRER

FOR DER FUEHRER? PASS!

MILLIONS OF REICHMARKS HAVE GONE INTO THIS VESSEL, CAPTAIN!

IT'S TRUE, THEN-- BUT SINCE THE OFFICIALS THINK I'M HITLER'S FAIR-HAIRED BOY IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO WRECK THE SUB RIGHT HERE!

BUT THE DAUNTLESS AMERICAN ADVENTURER MIGHT FEEL LESS CONFIDENT, COULD HE SEE THE MALIGNANT EYES WATCHING FROM ANOTHER PLATFORM---

HA, ANOTHER VISITOR WHOSE CREDENTIALS MUST BE EXAMINED!

AFTER 'CAPTAIN RIKER' HAS DEPARTED ---

BUT AS DER FUEHRER'S PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE, SURELY RIKER IS ABOVE SUSPICION!

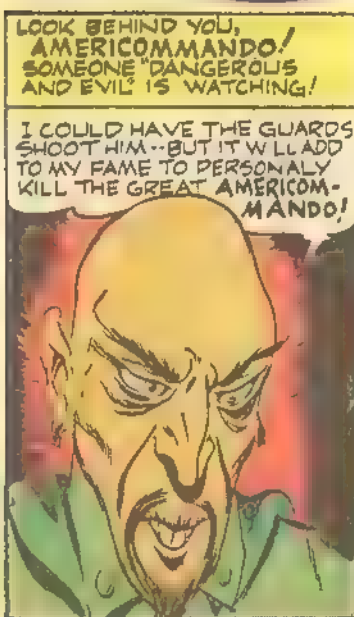
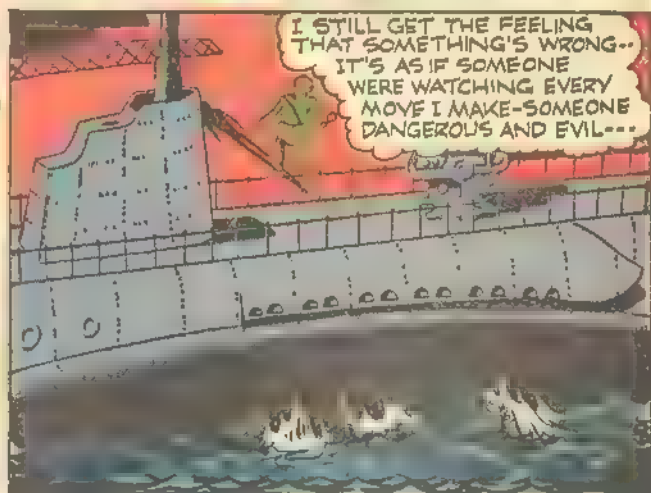
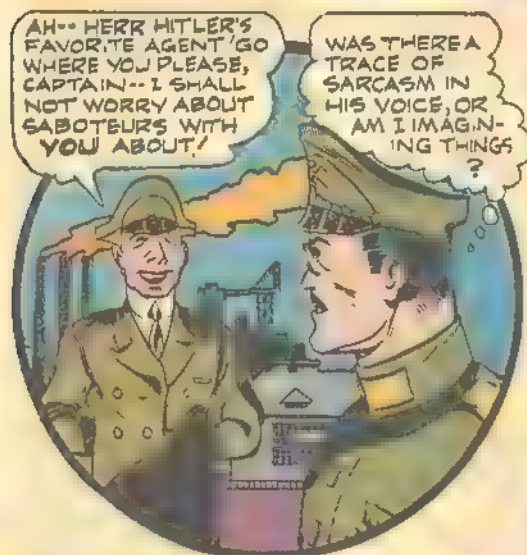
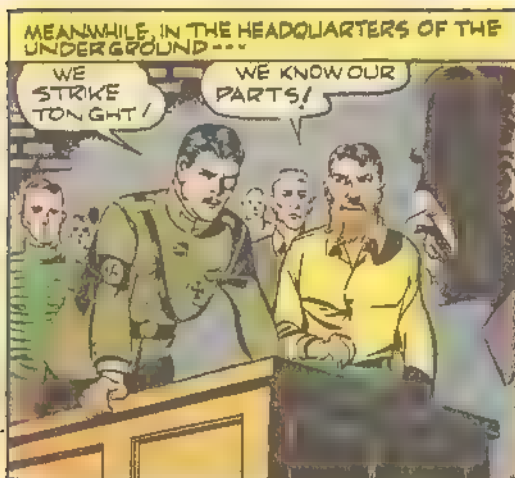
I SHALL DECIDE THAT POINT WHEN I HAVE SPOKEN WITH HITLER!

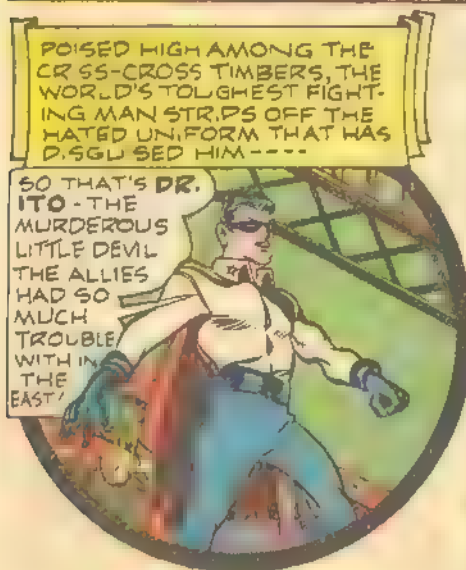
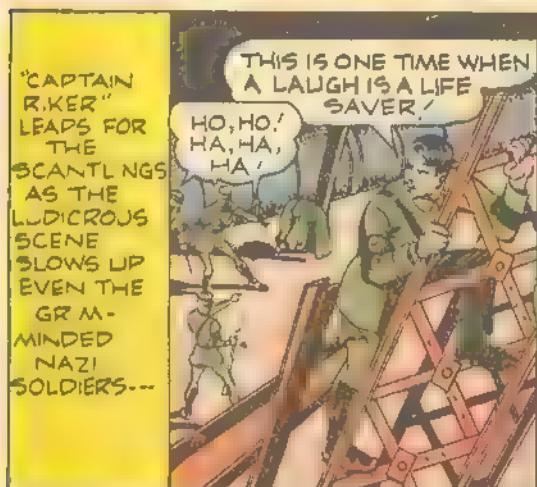
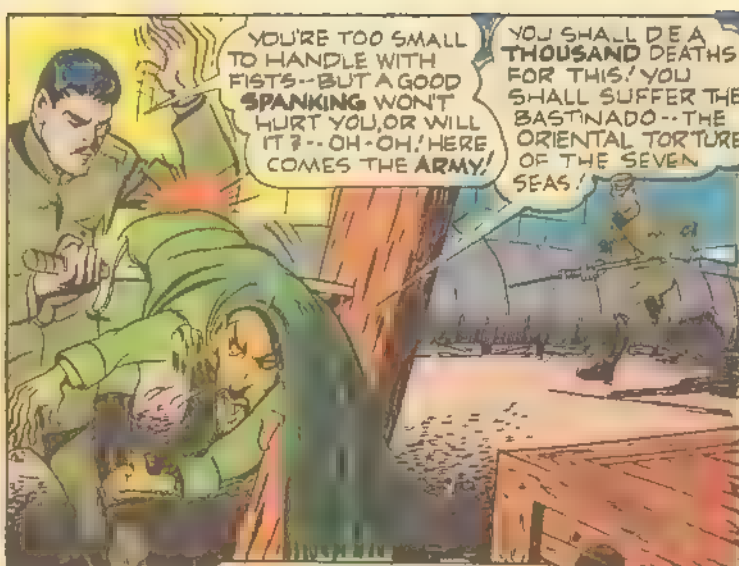
SO--RIKER IS IN EUROPE AND YOU HAVE NOT HEARD FROM HIM? THEN REST ASSURED THAT WHEN NEXT YOU HEAR OF HIM, IT WILL BE AN OFFICIAL REPORT OF HIS ASSASSINATION!

NO WONDER AMERICOMMANDO HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL! HE HAS TAKEN THE REAL CAPTAIN RIKER'S PLACE!

ACH, SUCH A DAREDEVIL HE IS!

I HAVE AMERICOMMANDO AT MY MERCY NOW! HE SHALL RETURN LIKE A FLY TO A LUMP OF SUGAR-- NEVER SUSPECTING THAT SINCE HIS LAST VISIT, THE SUGAR HAS BEEN POISONED!







STEEL PLATES SHRIEK AGAINST WOODEN TIMBERS AS THE GIANT SUB SLIDES RAPIDLY TOWARD THE WATER ----

DER U-BOAT
ISS BE NG
LAUNCHED
MITOUT
DER
FUEHRER'S
PERMISSION

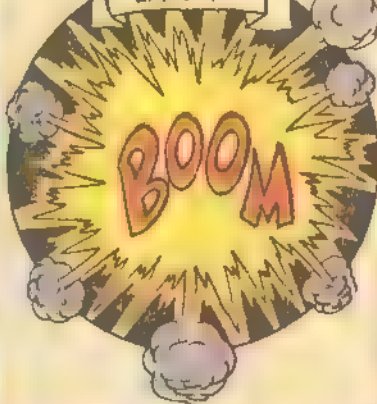
WHY DID NOT YOU
DOLTS KILL HIM
BEFORE HE COULD
MAKE ME RIDIC-
ULOUS BY DOING
THIS UNDER MY
VERY NOSE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE RIVER ASTERN
THE SWIFT-GLIDING SUB, A TINY
SPEEDBOAT SPEEDS FROM A BARGE---

THE MOMENT THE U-
BOAT STRIKES THE
BARGE, BOTH WILL
BLOW UP! WE HAVE
SUCCEEDED ONCE
MORE!

SO WE
HAVE-- BUT I
AM WORRIED
ABOUT OUR
COMRADE,
AMERI-
COMMANDO

SECONDS
LATER--



STEEL-JACKETED DEATH
SNARLS NEAR AMERI-
COMMANDO ON HIS
PRECARIOUS PERCH---

THOSE SLUGS ARE TOO
CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
BUT A COUNTER-ATTACK
OUGHT TO
SPOIL THEIR
A.M.



HE SWINGS THROUGH DIZZY SPACE---



YOU BABIES HAVE
GOT A LEGITIMATE
KICK COMING!

ACH-I AM
BLITZKRIEGED!
KAMERAD!

DO NOT
LET HIM
GET AWAY,
ON YOUR
LIVES!

AND ONCE AGAIN, HUNTER AND HUNTED
ARE BROUGHT FACE TO FACE!

SO YOU THOUGHT
DR. JTO TOO
INSIGNIFICANT
FOR YOUR FISTS!
YOU THOUGHT I
WAS NOT DEADLY!

THAT WAS BEFORE I
REALIZED WHO YOU WERE,
SNEAK-KILLER! I'VE
CHANGED MY MIND
SINCE THEN!



THE TRAITOR

by John Hilton

HIS eyes were keen no more. nor were his ears sharp. This was not strange because Pio was no longer a young man. Age had laid its withered fingers on him, and the thin, shattered vessel that once had been a man sat stolidly in the noon-day heat of the village enjoying siesta.

He always, of late, enjoyed siesta, because it seemed to him it was like Heaven must be, nothing but the soft murmur of voices, the slow plodding rhythm of the ox-carts from the provinces as the planters came into Batangas to trade, all mingling with the strange noise that Pio had been hearing the past days.

This noise at once disturbed and elated him. You see, none of the oldsters who had grown up with the barrio, had ever forgotten about Pio. Nor had he. It had ruined his life, that act way back in . . . let us see now . . . oh, yes, 1898.

Since then, he had been shunned by the aged villagers, and their children, and their children's children, the young tots who in piping voices cried, "Traitor! Traitor!"

* * *

Old Pio stirred uneasily in his sleep, imagining he was hearing the hated cry again. And once again, as so many times they had done so, his indignant lips formed a denial.

"I am no traitor. I did what I thought was right. I did not know. I was young."

"Ah, yes, young! He had been a young man then, lean and hard, firm of step and keen of eye; when the strange white men came to fight the King's soldiers, the Espanol. And this, too, Pio had been outrageous. Night after night in the barrio taverns, he spoke boldly of the

outrage "Do not all of us owe loyalty to the King of Spain?" he demanded "Has he not taken care of us? Is he not a great and wise ruler?"

"No! No! He has burdened us with taxes. He is not fair. He seeks to make slaves of us. He is unwilling that we should be a free people. And now a great and free nation has come to remove from our necks the yoke of the oppressors. No more shall we be oxen!"

* * *

Into the very beams of the ceiling their cries pierced, were so poignant that Pio, angrily, turned away. The fools—how, how dared they talk that way about His Majesty!

For under His Majesty's rule Pio had found the way to prosperity. Or thought he had, until after that fateful night he had given the king's soldiers information.

Done with him, they had used his information and cast him out. And when the war was over, and the strange white men, from the great and free nation, had won, then, indeed, did Pio find he had made an error of judgment. Until the new rule, all men prospered, and the tiny hamlet became a village, rich and respected.

* * *

But, alas, for Pio there was nothing but the cry of "Traitor! Traitor!" For all over the islands, people knew the story. None would hire him, none, that is, until the good padre, taking pity on Pio had brought him into his home, taught him gardening and serving and, many years later, to drive the new four-wheel cars with the motor more powerful than thirty horses.

And now the padre was dead these few years. There was a new padre, a younger man, who cared not for the car, but the foot. From him Pio received a place to sleep, and food to keep alive.

Alive! Pio opened his eyes, regarded the market square. Once again the people seemed excited, worried, almost as if they cared never again to taunt poor Pio. He blinked, then sighed, thought it must be the changing world. Then, with the philosophic forbearance taught by the years, he shrugged. For him there soon would be release. He had seen it in the medical man's eyes.

* * *

Pio composed himself, intending to resume his interrupted siesta. His eyes widened as they had not in years as a thunderous roar penetrated his ear drums. Pio's body stiffened, mechanically his hand made a familiar motion and his lips muttered a prayer, "Madre di Dios! A miracle!"

But no, Pio! You are wrong. It is not a miracle being wrought by the Blessed Mother. Your hearing has not been restored—not altogether. But the noise has done something to you. And look at your eyes, they are wide with wonder and with horror, for ahead of you is the church, already crumbling, already afire. And the people—they are running madly about, screaming and crying.

Everyone is there. People that you know. Look at them now, running they know not where, for panic never directs. And the children, those children who taunt you—now there is no mockery in their voices, white-faced and screaming they are clutching their mother's

clothing. "Madre! Madre!" It is a piteous wail!

Again and again, the thunder seems to roar and there is a great flash and another and another! The village seems to be crumbling to bits. Flames leap about, licking angrily at anything around them. Dust and smoke fill the street, mingle with the cries of the wounded, the moans of the dying.

And you, Pio! You stand there, terrified, puzzled. Why do you not put your hand on the padre's arm. Look at him. He is about to pass you! Never have you seen such a look of compassion and courage on the face of man, Pio. Stop him! He will quiet your spinning thoughts!

The enemy! Pio's body trembled as the padre's hurried words became clear. "A nation of yellow men seek the rule of quiet, peaceful Batangas. They are ruthless, cruel—look at what they are doing."

* * *

Pio's eyes strayed over the scene: the church, the beautiful church, destroyed: the stores, the homes, the people—all, all destroyed! What manner of enemy is this?

And as though in answer, a great cloud of dust was raised at the end of the street and into the village poured a stream of trucks, from which small, evil-faced men leaped. In their hands were small, light guns with wicked looking knives attached. With these knives they herded the frightened people of the village.

The great thunder of the guns—for Pio at last realized the noise for what it was—had momentarily ceased. Shuffling, prodded by one of the knives in the hands of a yellow-skinned soldier, Pio made his way into the group of huddled, frightened people. The padre was talking to a group of men Pio recognized as leaders, officers. The padre was shaking his head, and the men were passing angry glances among themselves.

Suddenly, one stepped forward and in clear tongue—

Pio's own tongue—cried out: "I wish a volunteer, familiar with the roads of this province to guide us." There was something repulsive in his manner, something sinful, and the eyes that hid behind the forced smile were not to be trusted.

* * *

No one answered. And then the eyes came from behind the mask. The request became a scream. "I will kill everyone in this town unless we are guided to our enemies!" the officer cried. He snapped a command over his shoulder. Instantly, the little yellow men ranged behind him, pointed their guns at the cowering villagers who, with drawn faces and muted lips, seemed ready to die.

Yes, they would all die. Pio knew that, he could see it in every face. And, as Pio watched, a strange feeling came over his aged body, and into his mind entered a strange, yet warming thought. These people, whom he had known all his life, were prepared to die for the great and free nation that had given them their liberty! They would die, rather than help the enemy!

There was an ominous click as bolts drew back on the short rifles. Above it rose suddenly the murmur of voices lifted in prayer. Already some of the supplicants had sunk to their knees.

It was then that Pio shuffled forward.

* * *

A dead silence arose behind him, and then Pio thought he heard the words, "Traitor! Traitor!" He knew he had heard them when one of the enemy officers sternly ordered silence. Then, another officer said:

"You old man, you cannot drive." He raised his hand to strike, heedless of Pio's protestations. Only the intervention of a small, stocky enemy officer, who seemed the leader, stayed the angry soldier's hand.

"Wait!" he said. "This is the man we seek, an old native who would know these roads."

"Every foot of the way," Pio

said, "even short cuts." He averted his eyes, conscious of the look on the padre's face.

In a few moments, he was in the lead car, holding four high officers. The leader nodded in satisfaction as Pio started. The years had not dimmed Pio's skill. Through the rear view mirror, Pio saw the people of the barrio hastening toward the hills. In a short time, the village would be deserted. No more would the people be caught napping. It was all clear, like a vision, in Pio's mind: the young men would fight alongside those of the great and free nation until this cruel, barbaric and ruthless invader was driven from the land, the women would help, even the children.

* * *

And, Pio sighed, maybe they would not forget him, would remember him not as Pio the traitor, but Pio the patriot. For did he not see a vision? Did he not know that in just a moment, while these hated invader leaders smiled over their triumph, he, Pio would round a curve in the road, and the car would suddenly go at such high speed that before any of the occupants could jump out, the vehicle would plunge over a cliff and into an abyss!

* * *

The car lurched forward as Pio's foot, with new found strength, pushed the accelerator to the floorboards.

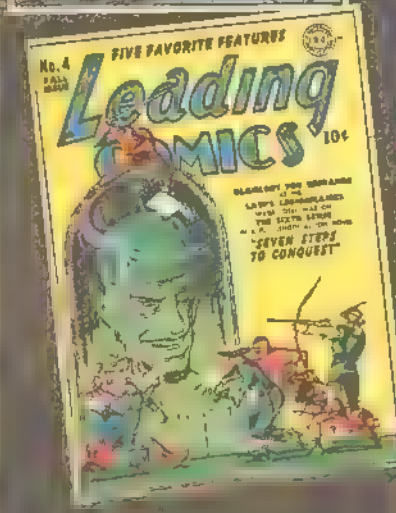
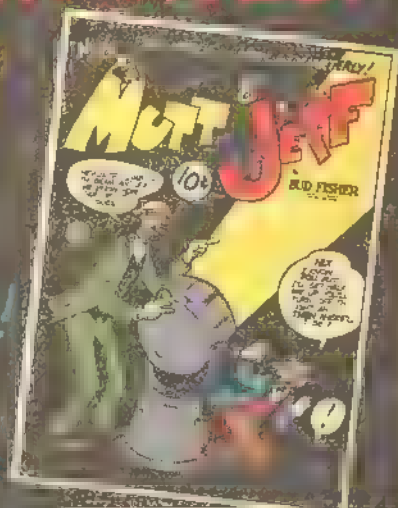
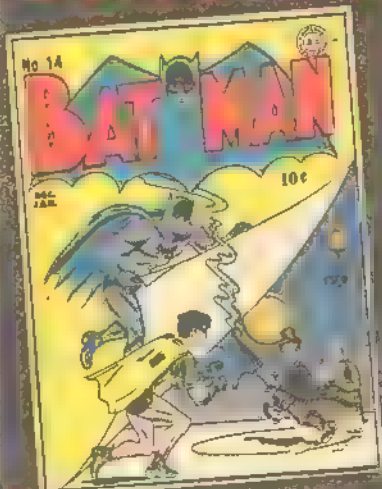
* * *

Pio the traitor, indeed! None but a hero would give his own life to take four of the enemy's!

The
End

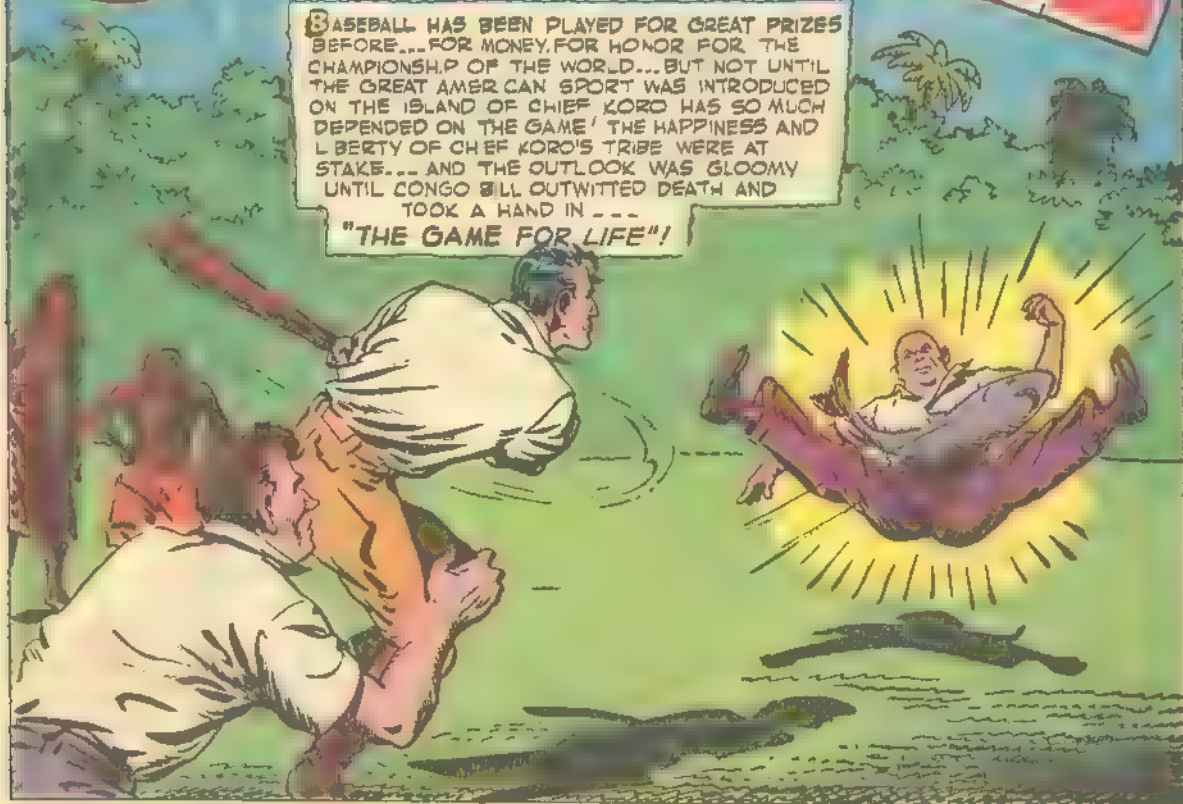
DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!

NOW
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!



CONGO BILL

BASEBALL HAS BEEN PLAYED FOR GREAT PRIZES BEFORE...FOR MONEY, FOR HONOR FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD...BUT NOT UNTIL THE GREAT AMERICAN SPORT WAS INTRODUCED ON THE ISLAND OF CHIEF KORO HAS SO MUCH DEPENDED ON THE GAME! THE HAPPINESS AND LIBERTY OF CHIEF KORO'S TRIBE WERE AT STAKE... AND THE OUTLOOK WAS GLOOMY UNTIL CONGO BILL OUTWITTED DEATH AND TOOK A HAND IN ---
"THE GAME FOR LIFE!"



ON AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, UNTOUCHED BY A WORLD AT WAR, A TRIBE OF SO-CALLED SAVAGES LEAD AN IDYLIC LIFE...

MAN WHO LOSE RACE IS MONKEY'S UNCLE!

THAT MEAN YOU, YOU BIG APE!



THAT GOOD SWIM! NOW I VERY HUNGRY!

ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS CLIMB BREADFRUIT TREE, GET GOOD MEAL! EAT COCONUT FOR DESSERT!

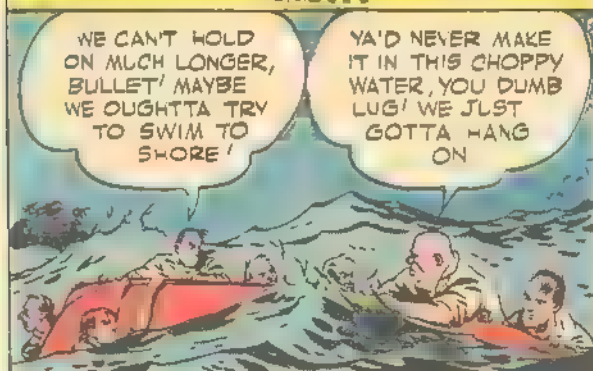


BUT ABRUPTLY, INTO THIS SCENE OF PEACE AND CONTENTMENT...

COME QUICK! BOAT WRECKED IN SEA! MANY MEN DIE!



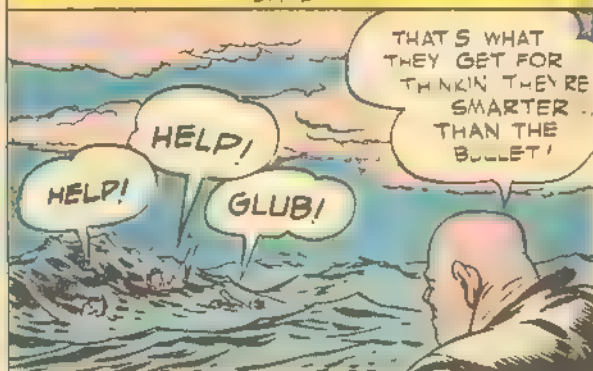
OFFSHORE... A GANG OF CRIMINALS ESCAPING FROM THE POLICE HAVE ENCOUNTERED GREATER PERIL...



WE CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER, BULLET! MAYBE WE OUGHTTA TRY TO SWIM TO SHORE!

YA'D NEVER MAKE IT IN THIS CHOPPY WATER, YOU DUMB LUG! WE JUST GOTTA HANG ON

BUT AGAINST THE BULLET'S ADVICE, THREE OF HIS MEN MAKE A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO REACH SAFETY!



HELP!

HELP!

GLUB!

THAT'S WHAT THEY GET FOR THNKIN' THEY'RE SMARTER THAN THE BULLET!

SOON, IGNORANT THAT THE MEN THEY ARE TRYING TO HELP, ARE VICIOUS THUGS, THE NATIVES SET OUT FROM SHORE...



WE MUST PADDLE FAST TO SAVE MEN!

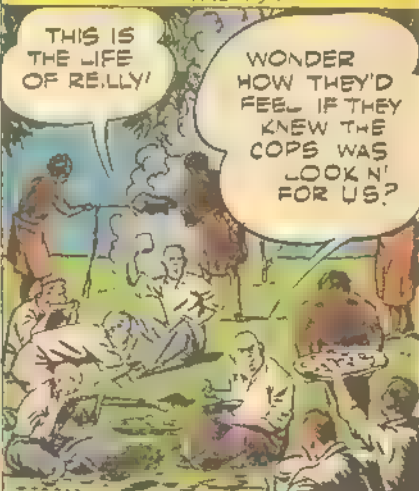
WE GO AS FAST AS WE CAN CHEF KORO!

THAT GUY IN THE FRONT LOOKS LIKE THE BIG CHEESE! WE'LL HAVE TO BE NICE TO HIM!



WE'LL BE PLENTY NICE BULLET-- UNTIL WE TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE!

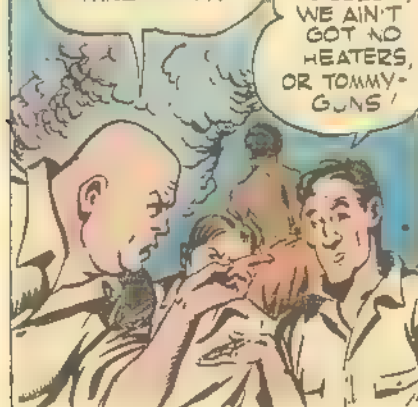
SAVED FROM THE INSATIABLE WAVES, NINE OUTLAWS FROM CIVILIZATION ENJOY SAVAGE HOSPITALITY!



THIS IS THE LIFE OF REILLY!

WONDER HOW THEY'D FEEL IF THEY KNEW THE COPS WAS LOOK'N' FOR US?

BOYS, THIS ISLAND IS TOO NICE A PLACE FOR A BUNCH OF SAVAGES! WE GOTTA TAKE OVER!



BUT HOW, BULLET? WE AIN'T GOT NO HEATERS, OR TOMMY-GUNS!

WE DON'T NEED 'EM! WE'LL USE OUR HEADS! I GOT A PLAN ALREADY!



BOSS, IT DON'T TAKE YOU LONG TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO!

THERE ARE NINE OF US JUST ENOUGH FOR A BASEBALL TEAM! THESE SAVAGES LIKE TO GAMBLE! WE'LL MAKE A BAT AND BALL, AND TEACH THEM THE GAME!



BOSS, THAT DEA OF YOURS MAKES A HIT WITH US!

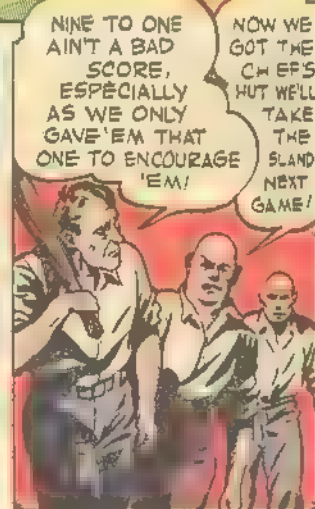
A SHIRT, UNRAVELED, GIVES THE THREAD FROM WHICH A BALL IS MADE... A TREE BRANCH FURNISHES A BAT...



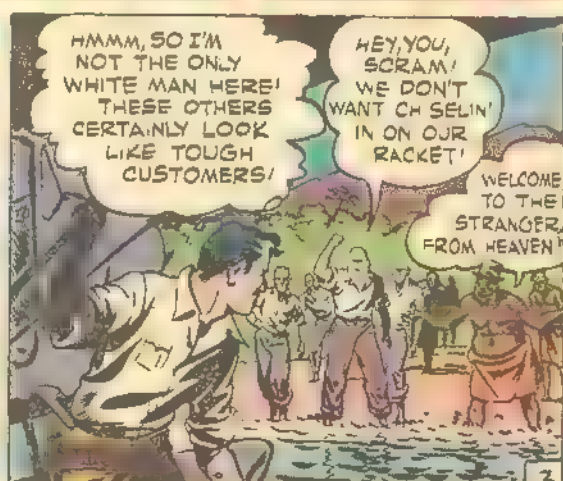
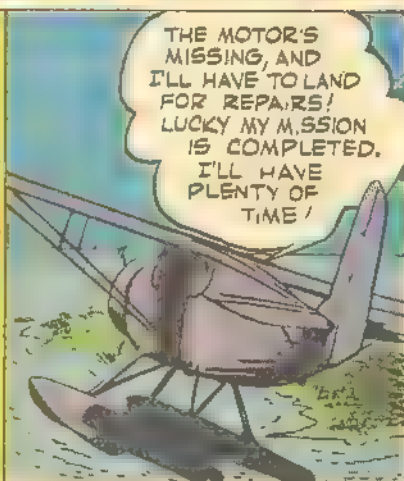
THE NATIVES ARE ENTICED INTO PLAYING... AT FIRST FOR SMALL STAKES...

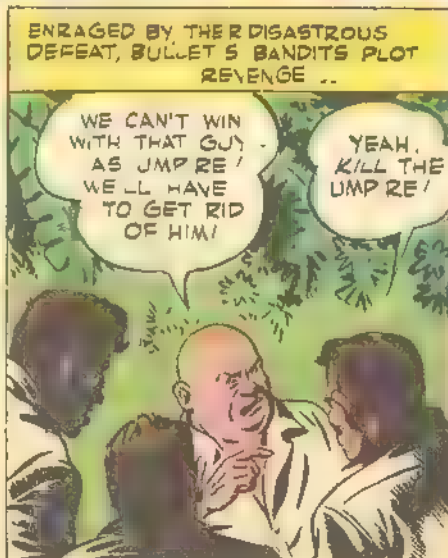
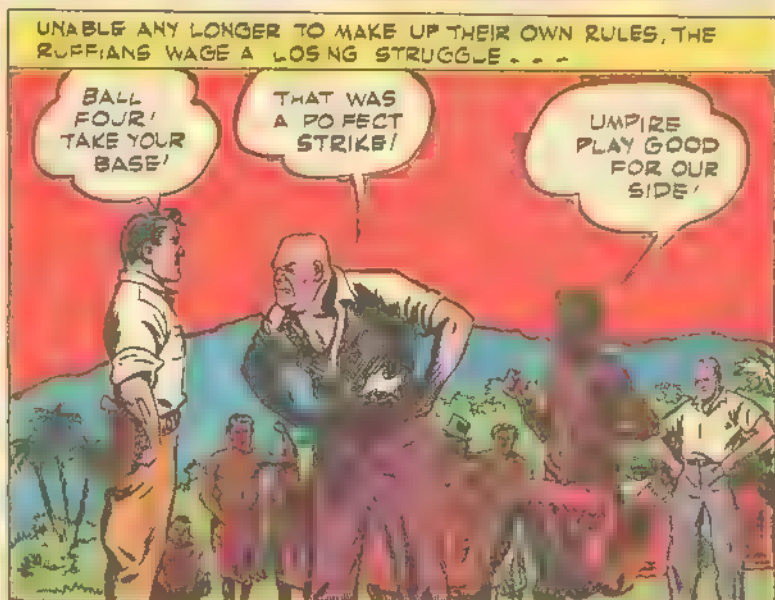
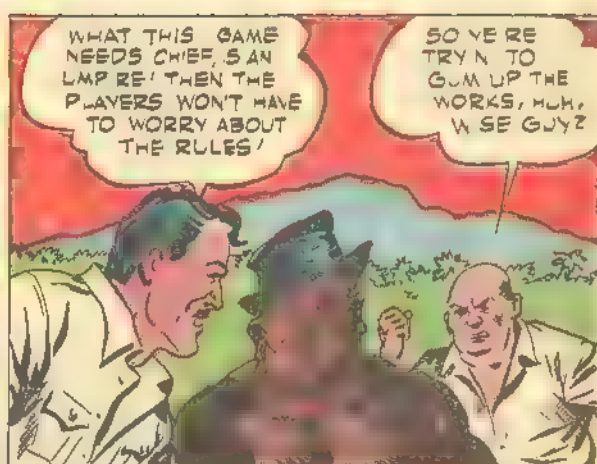
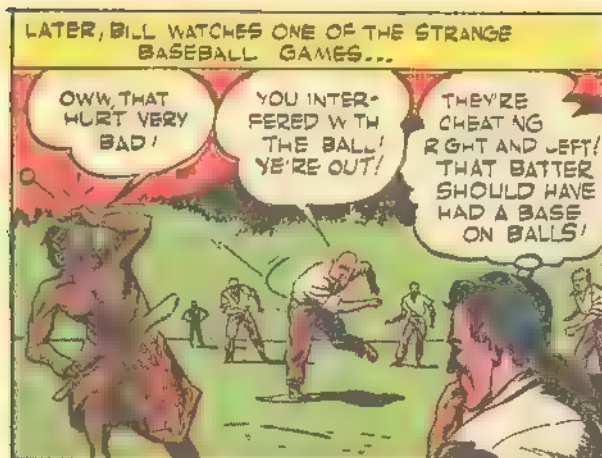


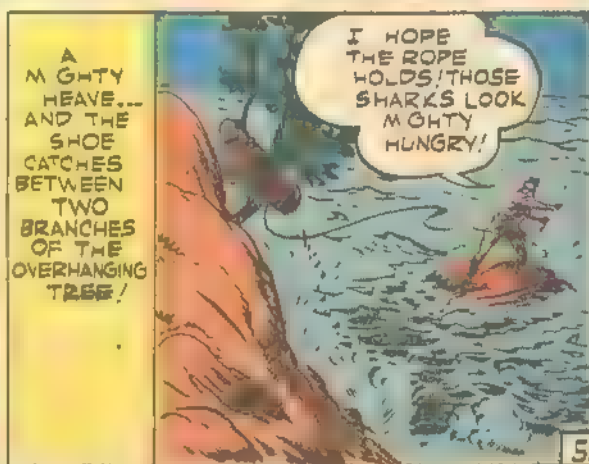
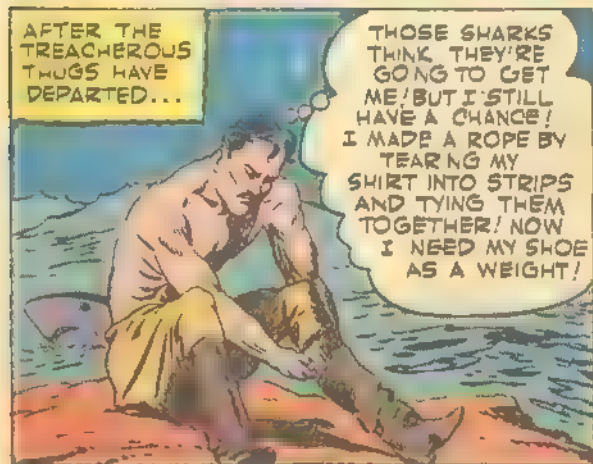
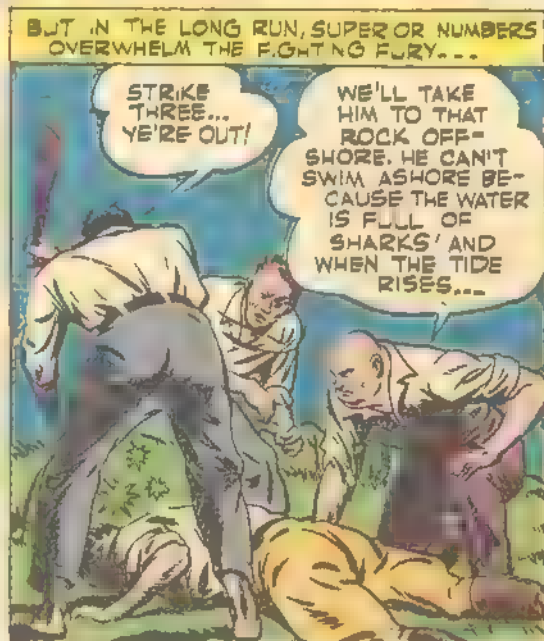
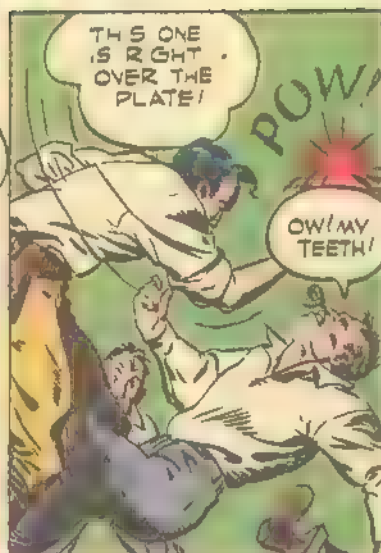
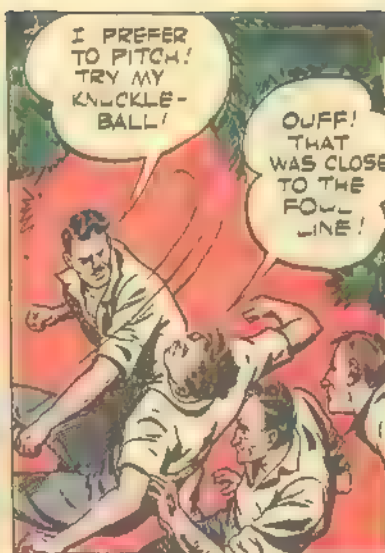
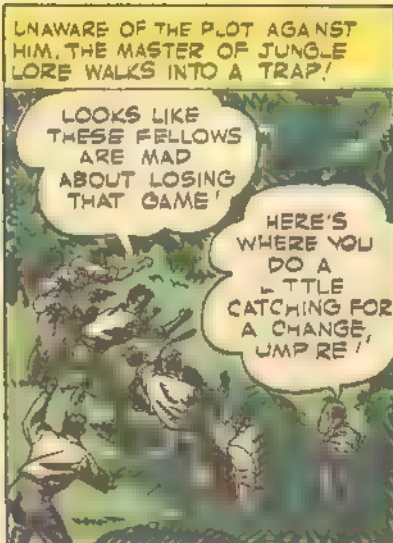
WITH THE ROGUES MAKING THEIR OWN RULES, THE HAPLESS NATIVES STAND NOT A CHANCE!



BUT EVEN THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF RATS AND MEN GO ASTRAY. FOR OVERHEAD ROARS THE PLANE OF CONGO BILL, RETURNING FROM A SECRET MILITARY MISSION!

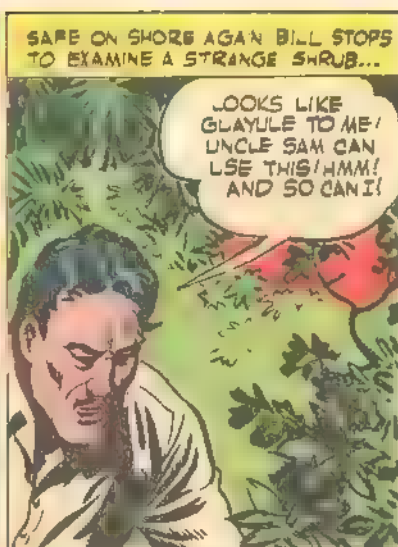






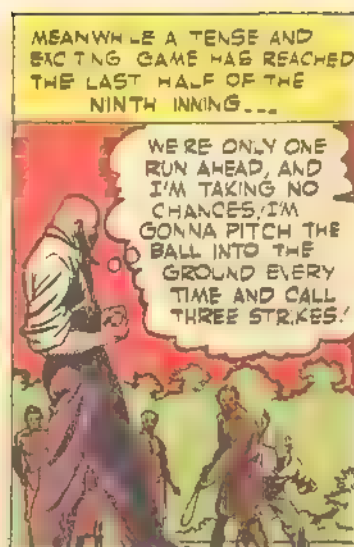


YOU'D BETTER
LOOK SOMEPLACE
ELSE FOR A MEAL
TODAY!



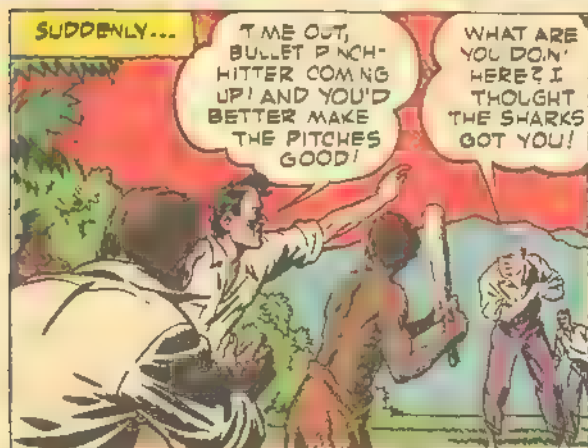
SAFE ON SHORE AGAIN BILL STOPS
TO EXAMINE A STRANGE SHRUB...

LOOKS LIKE
GLAYULE TO ME!
UNCLE SAM CAN
USE THIS! HMM!
AND SO CAN I!



MEANWHILE A TENSE AND
EXCITING GAME HAS REACHED
THE LAST HALF OF THE
NINTH INNING...

WE'RE ONLY ONE
RUN AHEAD, AND
I'M TAKING NO
CHANCES, I'M
GONNA PITCH THE
BALL INTO THE
GROUND EVERY
TIME AND CALL
THREE STRIKES!



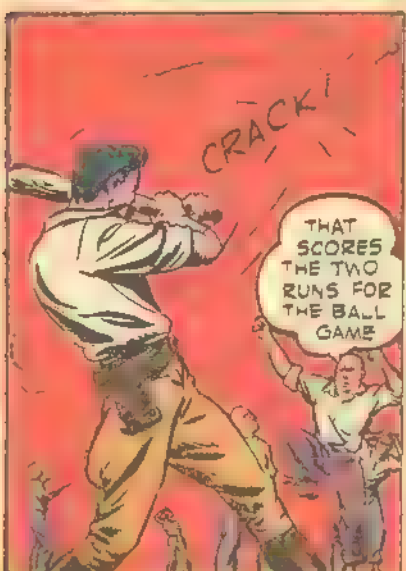
SUDDENLY...

T ME OUT,
BULLET P NCH-
HITTER COMING
UP! AND YOU'D
BETTER MAKE
THE PITCHES
GOOD!

WHAT ARE
YOU DON'
HERE? I
THOUGHT
THE SHARKS
GOT YOU!



SO HE WANTS
ME TO PITCH GOOD,
HUN? OKAY, I'LL
THROW THE BALL
SO FAST HE
WON'T SEE IT!



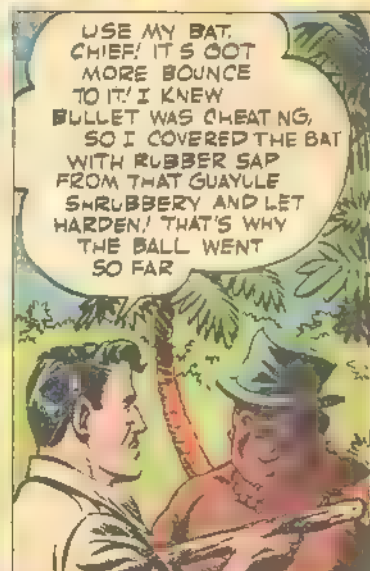
THAT
SCORES
THE TWO
RUNS FOR
THE BALL
GAME



LATER, AFTER BULLET'S
TRICKERY HAS BEEN
REVEALED.

THEY'RE CROOKS,
CHIEF! SO KEEP
A GOOD EYE
ON THEM!

ME KEEP
GOOD EYE!
SEE D RTY
WORK HIT
BULLET
WITH OWN
BASEBALL
BAT!

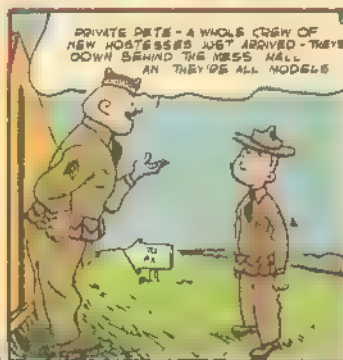


USE MY BAT,
CHIEF! IT'S GOT
MORE BOUNCE
TO IT! I KNEW
BULLET WAS CHEATING,
SO I COVERED THE BAT
WITH RUBBER SAP
FROM THAT GUAYULE
SHRUBBERY AND LET
HARDEN! THAT'S WHY
THE BALL WENT
SO FAR

GONGO BILLS JUNGLE LORE CAME IN HANDY THAT TIME TO BOTH HIMSELF AND UNCLE SAM, UNCLE
SAM, TOO, USES GLAYULE FOR ITS RUBBER. FOLLOW THE JUNGLE KING'S ADVENTURES FOR EXCITEMENT
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ACTION COMICS!!!**

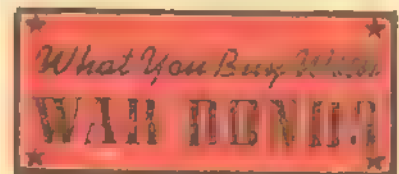
LAFF-LINES

PRIVATE PETE

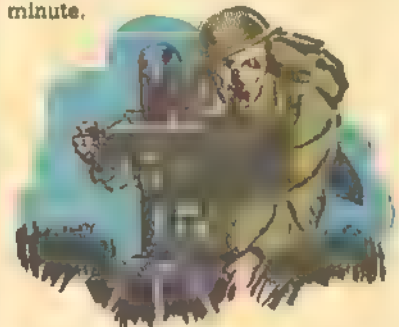


Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp, if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last, if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontler Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address: Frontler Asthma Co., 34-K Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York



The 'Stovepipe,' as the 60-millimeter trench mortar is commonly known, is used by our infantry for close-in fighting. It fires a 2.4-pound shell at the rate of about 35 a minute.



The mortar fires its projectile in a U-shaped arc and for this reason may be successfully camouflaged behind an obstruction. It costs about \$500. You and your neighbors, joining together, can buy many of these effective weapons for use of our army.



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Please send a copy of new 1942 Lionel Catalog.

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Address _____

Store _____

STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias

Malta

ONE of the most bombed spots in the World is the island of MALTA located in the Mediterranean, only 62 miles from Italian Sicily and 195 miles north of Africa. Because of its nearness to Italian supply bases and the Axis ports in North Africa, it has been subjected to constant bombings to prevent the British from raiding the Axis supply lines. With Malta in their hands, the Axis could supply their African armies with all the equipment, men, and munitions needed to overrun Egypt and the Near East. At the time of this writing, a large British convoy arrived at Malta to replenish and re-enforce the island stronghold with depleted stocks of planes, bombs and food.



Ruins of Stone Age

The history of Malta dates back beyond the Stone Age. Prehistoric ruins found on the island, indicate that man dwelled there more than 4,000 years B.C. In addition, there can be found ruined homes, tombs, and other relics of the Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs and barbarian conquerors. In 1090, the Normans, who came

down from the north took possession of the island. Later, the Crusaders, called Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, occupied Malta from 1530 to 1798, at which time it was surrendered to Napoleon who stopped there on his way to his conquest of Egypt. Two years later, in 1800, the British with the aid of the Maltese, drove out the French. When peace was restored, it was proposed to give back Malta to the Knights, but the inhabitants strongly protested for they de-



Valetta Harbor Fort

sired to be under British protection. Since 1814, Malta has been a colony of Great Britain.

The postage stamps of Malta of recent years have been in demand by stamp collectors all over the World, for they are mostly beautiful and large size pictorials. Among the scenes pictured on the stamps are ruins of the stone age; ruins of temples of other ages; Valetta harbor, which has withstood the severest bombings; the Crusaders; Co-Cathedral of St. John; and many other scenes of present day places.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c
Complete set to approval applicants only
L. W. BROWN Dept. DA Marlon Mich

Gigantic Canadian Bargain
Complete set Royal Vigil, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.
Ensign Stamp Co., Box 118-D, So. Orange, N. J.

UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here is an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable. 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar Wilson, composed entirely of face different postage, airmails, and commemorative stamps, nothing else. In addition, 2 U.S. Possession pictorials.

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268 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 733 New York City

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Dept. AM Toronto Canada

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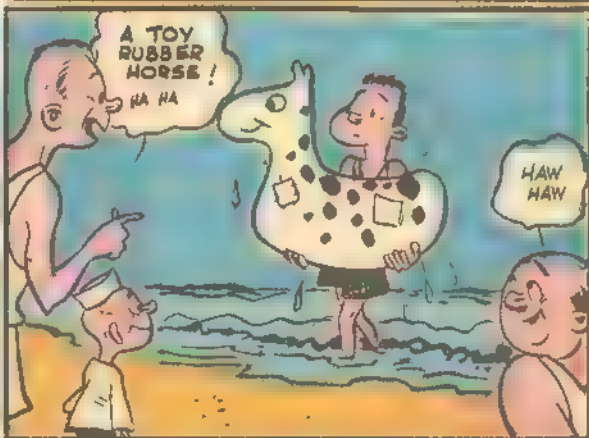
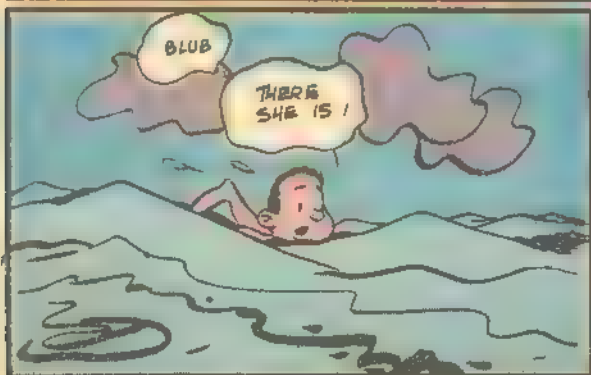
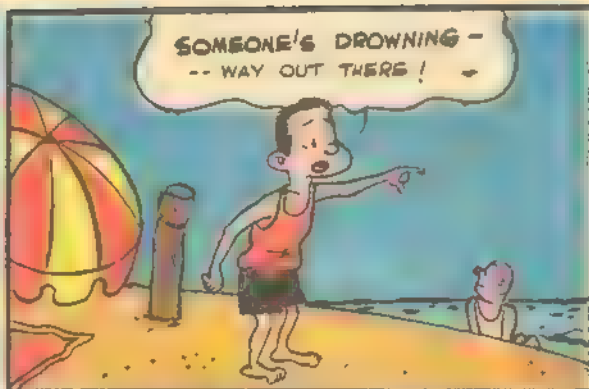
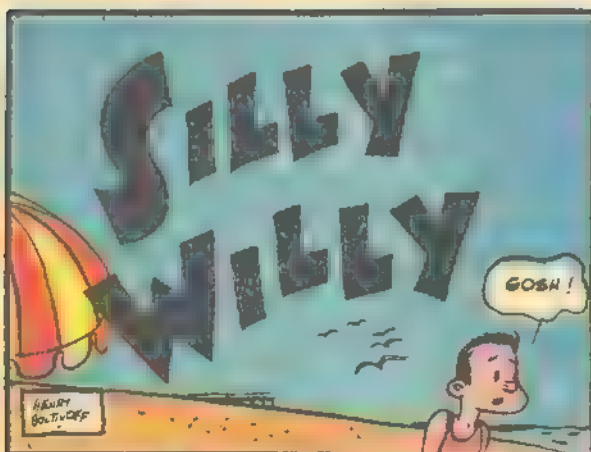
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HOW CAN THEY GET SO
MANY TOP FEATURES IN
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SUPERMAN AND BATMAN...
PLUS THAT NEW SENSATION,
BOY COMMANDOS! ALSO
GREEN ARROW
AND STILL MORE!
IT'S THE WORLD'S
FINEST BUY!



NOW ON SALE!

ZATARA

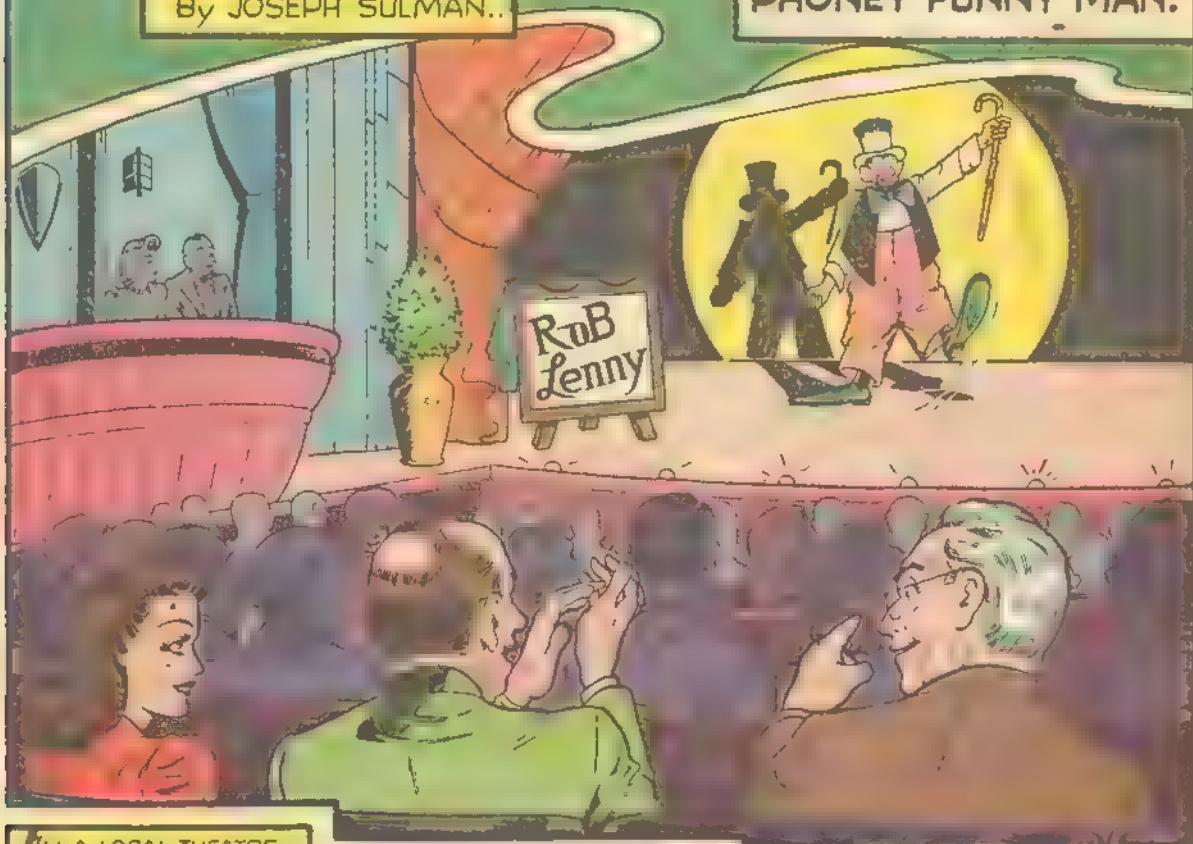
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

By JOSEPH SULMAN..

WHEN TWO HARD-BOILED YEGGS PLOT AGAINST A FAMOUS HAM COMEDIAN, IT IS UP TO ZATARA TO STEP IN AND SCRAMBLE THEIR OMELET...

AND MUCH TO THEIR SORROW DO THEY LEARN THAT THE LAST LAUGH IS ON THEM IN...

"THE CASE OF THE PHONEY FUNNY MAN."



IN A LOCAL THEATRE...

ZATARA, THE CURTAIN'S GOING UP AND YOUR FRIEND, THE HOLLYWOOD SCOUT, ISN'T HERE YET. POOR ROB, HE'LL NEVER GET A BREAK!

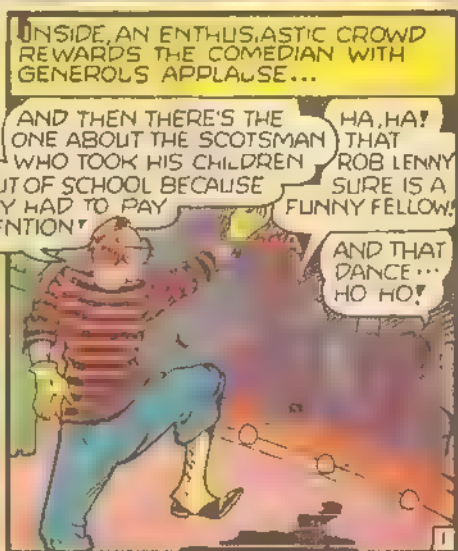
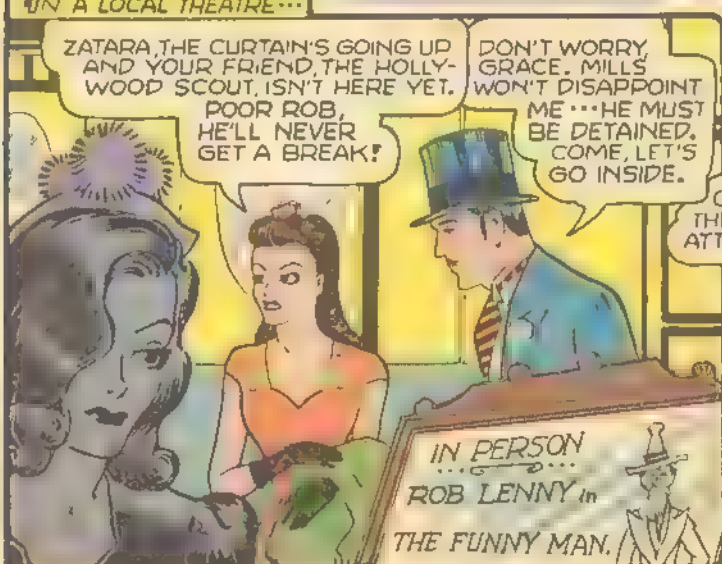
DON'T WORRY, GRACE. MILLS WON'T DISAPPOINT ME... HE MUST BE DETAINED. COME, LET'S GO INSIDE.

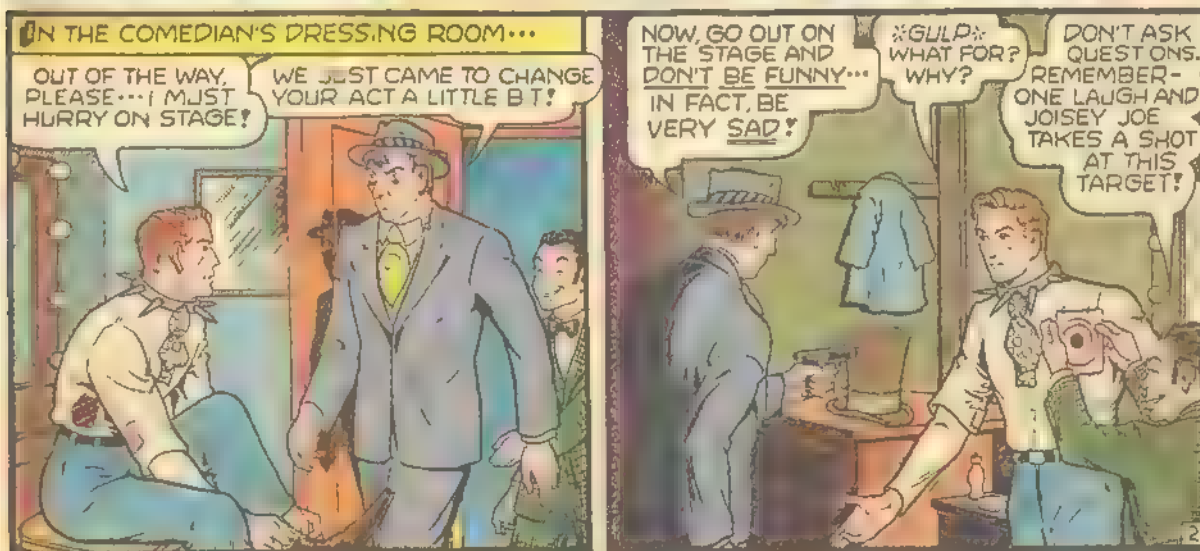
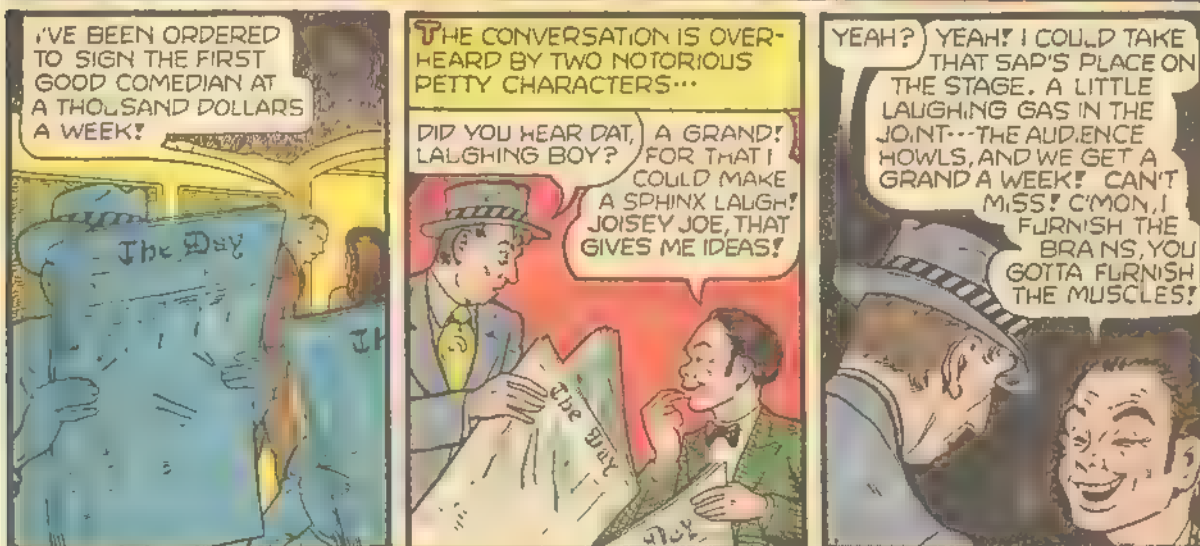
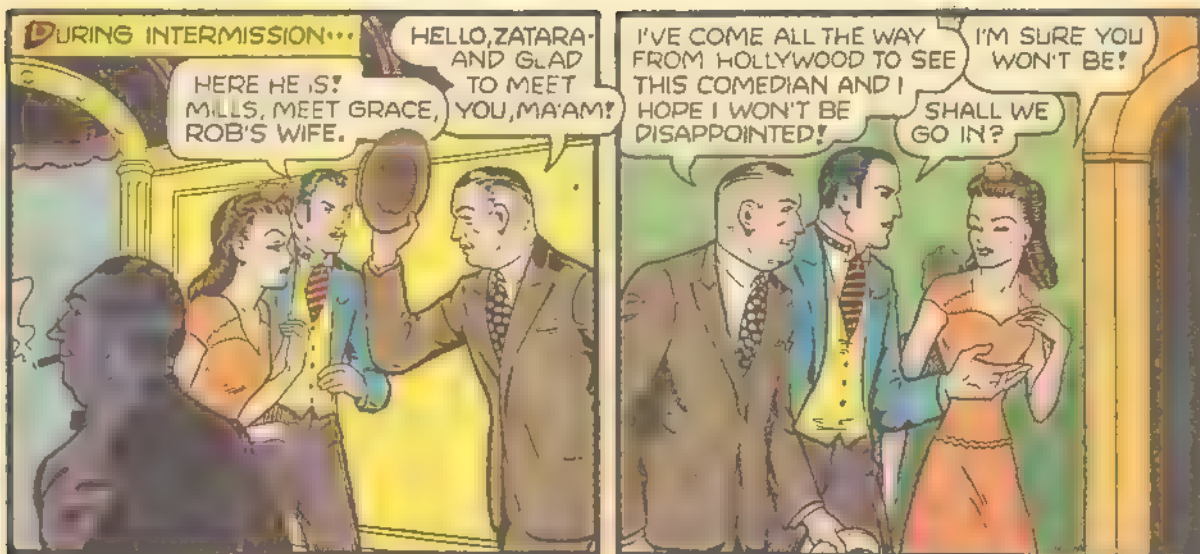
INSIDE, AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD REWARDS THE COMEDIAN WITH GENEROUS APPLAUSE...

AND THEN THERE'S THE ONE ABOUT THE SCOTSMAN WHO TOOK HIS CHILDREN OUT OF SCHOOL BECAUSE THEY HAD TO PAY ATTENTION!

HA, HA! THAT ROB LENNY SURE IS A FUNNY FELLOW!

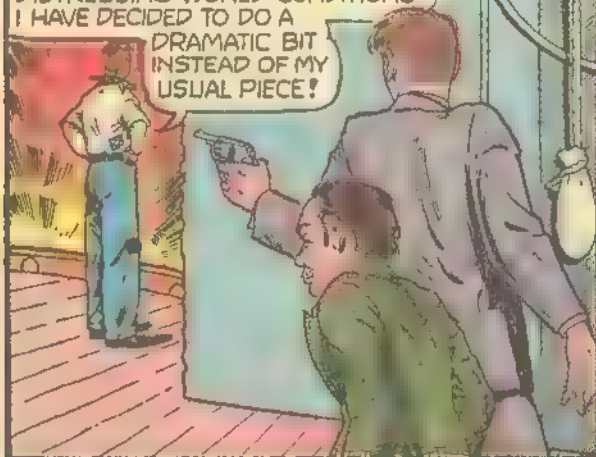
AND THAT DANCE... HO HO!





ONSTAGE, THE COMEDIAN ADOPTS A DIFFERENT ROLE.

I-I-LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,,DUE TO DISTRESSING WORLD CONDITIONS I HAVE DECIDED TO DO A DRAMATIC BIT INSTEAD OF MY USUAL PIECE?



TO BE OR NOT TO BE--THAT IS THE QUESTION-BLA..BLA..BLA..

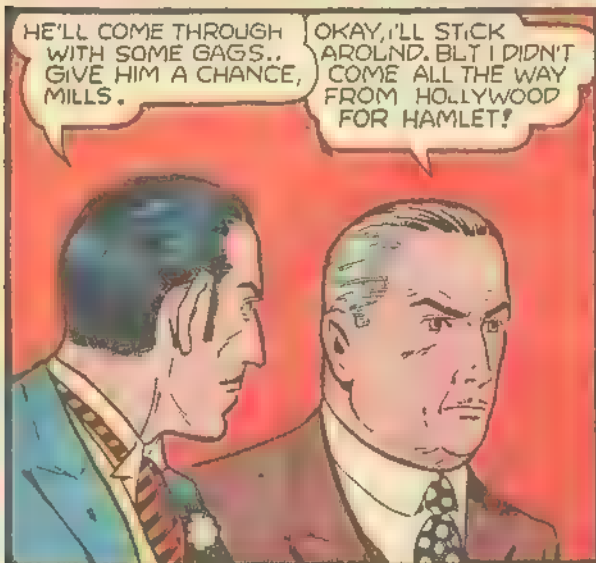
YOU SAID HE WAS A COMEDIAN NOT A DRAMATIC ACTOR...

GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ROB?



HE'LL COME THROUGH WITH SOME GAGS.. GIVE HIM A CHANCE, MILLS.

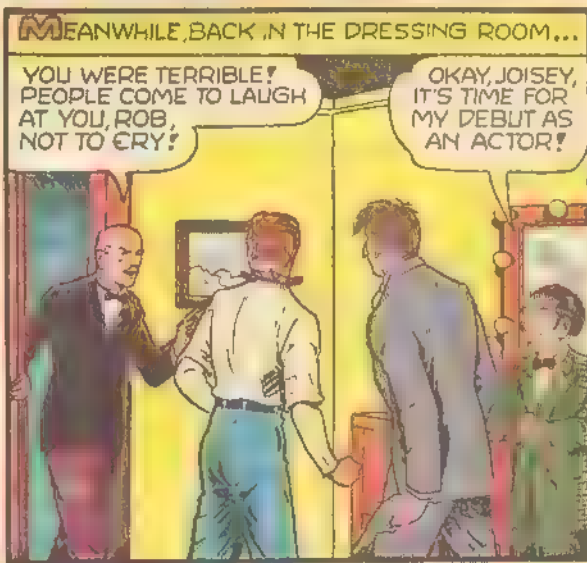
OKAY, I'LL STICK AROUND. BUT I DIDN'T COME ALL THE WAY FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR HAMLET!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

YOU WERE TERRIBLE! PEOPLE COME TO LAUGH AT YOU, ROB, NOT TO CRY!

OKAY, JOISEY, IT'S TIME FOR MY DEBUT AS AN ACTOR!



HEY, YOU CAN'T DO... OOOO PSS!

INTO THE CLOSET! AND PIPE DOWN OR YOU'LL DIE OF LEAD POISONING. GET THE GAG? HA, HA!



THE THUGS HASTEN BACKSTAGE.

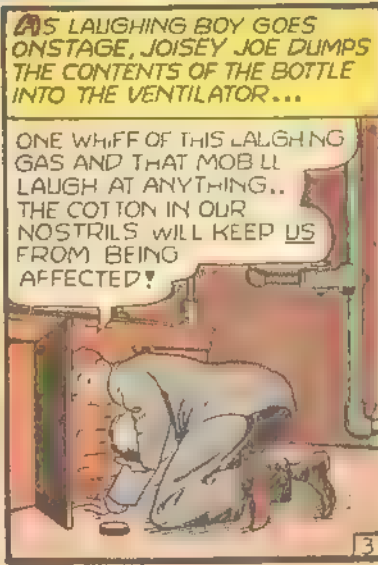
WHAT A CROWD! AND THOSE LIGHTS... MAKES ME THINK OF THE POLICE LINEUP!

GO ON, LAUGHING BOY SAY ANYTHING! I GOT THE STUFF THAT'LL MAKE 'EM LAUGH!



AS LAUGHING BOY GOES ONSTAGE, JOISEY JOE DUMPS THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE INTO THE VENTILATOR...

ONE WHIFF OF THIS LAUGHING GAS AND THAT MOB LL LAUGH AT ANYTHING.. THE COTTON IN OUR NOSTRILS WILL KEEP US FROM BEING AFFECTED!



UNSUSPECTINGLY, THE GAS SPREADS ABOUT THE AUDIENCE

WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE MANAGEMENT, I'VE BEEN SENT OUT TO MAKE YOUSE LAUGH AND THAT I WILL INDEED!

WHY ARE THE WOMMS FEELING SO BG TODAY? BECAUSE THEY'RE PLAYING A BIG PART IN THE UNDERGROUND.

HA, HA, THAT ISN'T FUNNY, BUT I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING! HA, HA!

HE'S THE FUNNIEST MAN I EVER HEARD! HA-HA-HA I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING!

GOSH, I'M WOW'ING THEM--MAYBE I WAS MEANT FOR THE THEATRE!

THE AUDIENCE HOWLS WITH GLEE...ALL BUT ZATARA WHO IS QUICK TO SENSE TROUBLE...

HE ISN'T HALF AS FUNNY AS ROB...BUT I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING!

HA-HA-I'LL SIGN THAT GUY.. HE'S A WOW!

THE HANDKERCHIEF'LL KEEP THE GAS FROM GETTING ME. I'LL GO BACKSTAGE AND HAVE A LOOK. HE'S COOKING WITH LAUGHING GAS!

HEY, STOVEPIPE... WHERE YOU GOIN'?

INSIDE TO HAVE A LOOK!

ROB LENNY

GET BACK OR I'LL DRILL YA AND THE ONLY WAY THAT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LOOK IS-UP!

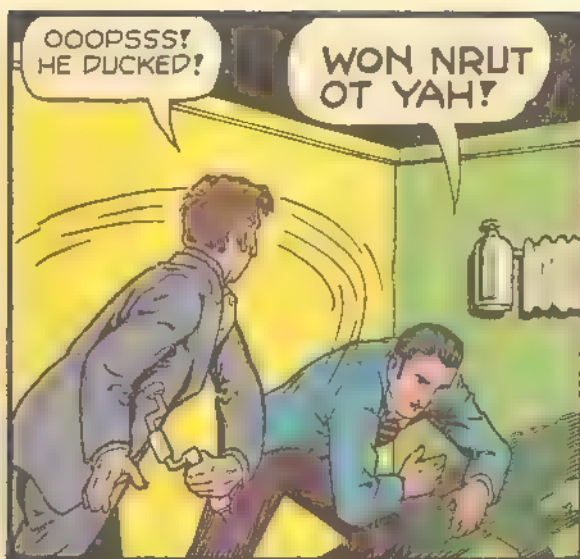
NUG EMOCEB LLIRD!*

YIIII!! THE GUN'S TURNED INTO A DRILL!

OKAY, SNOOPY.. I CAN STILL DRILL YA!

***READ THIS BACKWARDS!**

7



OOOPSSS!
HE DUCKED!

WON NRUT
OT YAH!



YIIII!...NOW IT'S
HAY AND...



..I (ACHOO) GOT (ACHOO)
HAY FEVER (ACHOO) ??

YOU'RE FUNNIER
THAN YOUR PAL!



LAUGH
THIS
OFF!

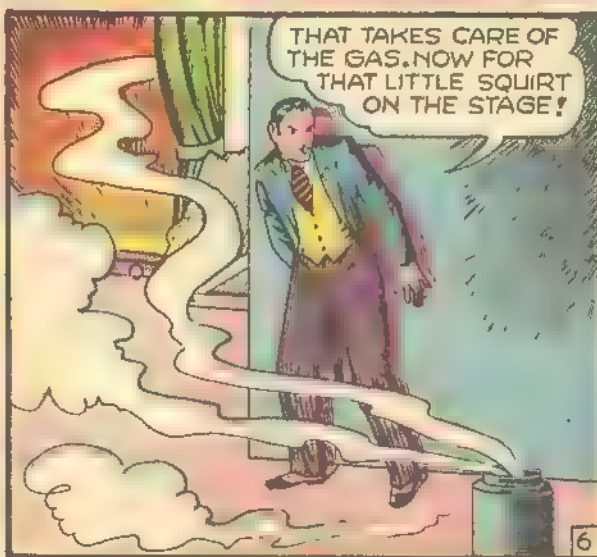
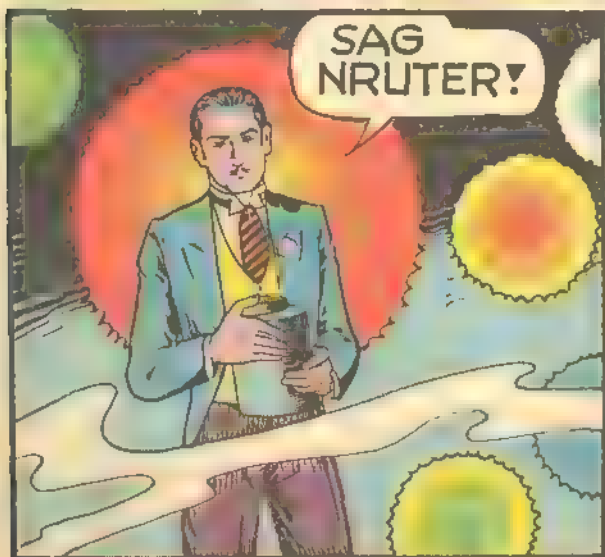
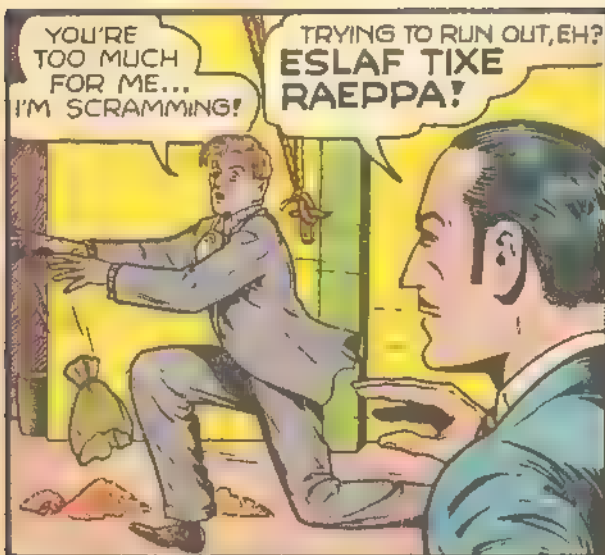


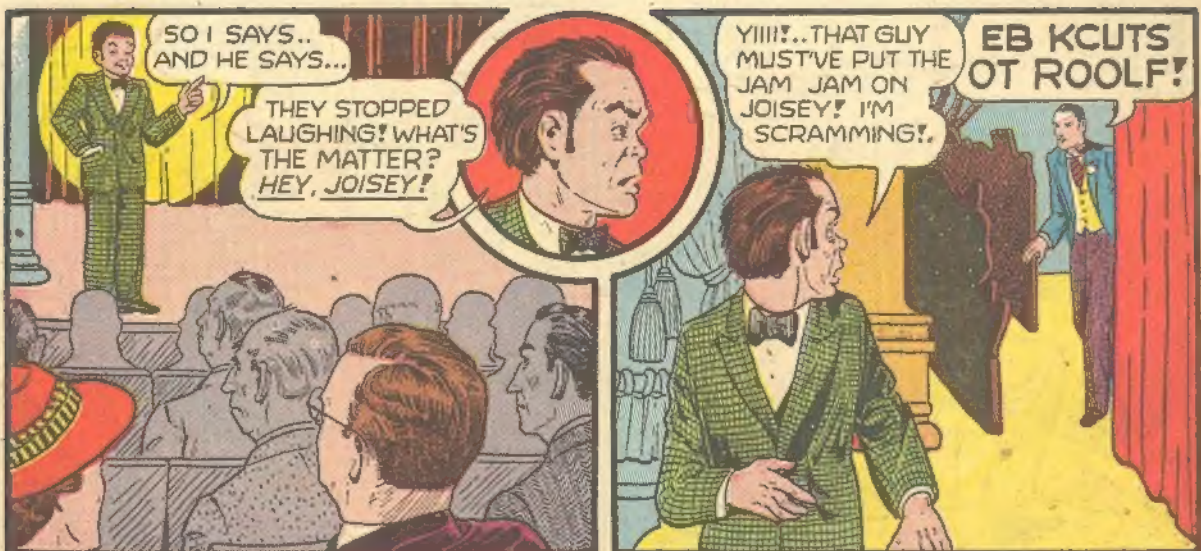
HERE COMES THE
SANDMAN TO BOP
YOU TO SLEEP!

SMAES
NEPO!

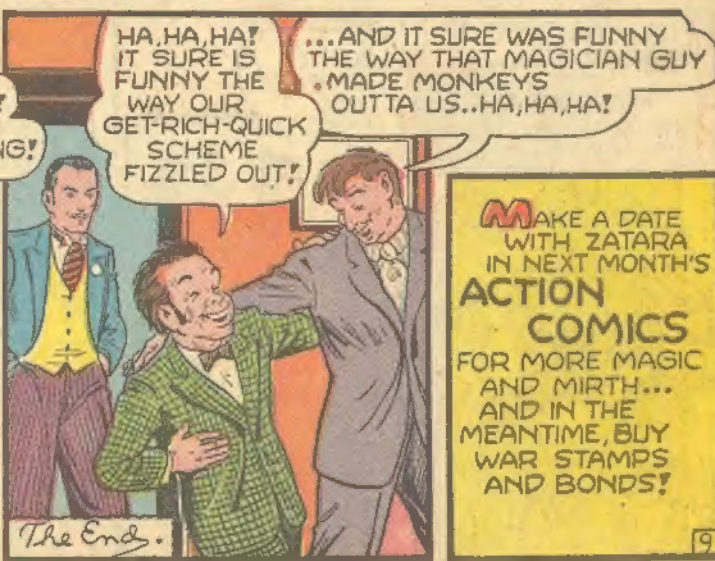


HELP!
A SANDSTORM!









MAKE A DATE WITH ZATARA IN NEXT MONTH'S **ACTION COMICS** FOR MORE MAGIC AND MIRTH... AND IN THE MEANTIME, BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

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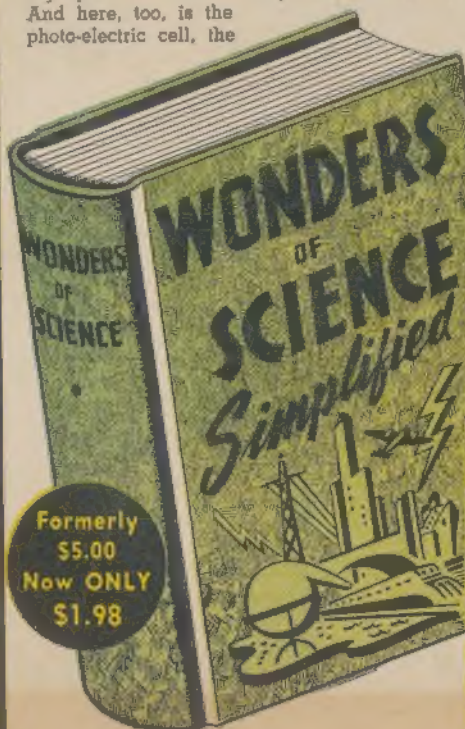
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